Harvard Coll. Lib. 19

THE LIBERATOR
—IS PUBLISHED—
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
—AT—
221 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 6.

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, GENERAL AGENT.

☞ TERMS — Three dollars per annum, in advance.

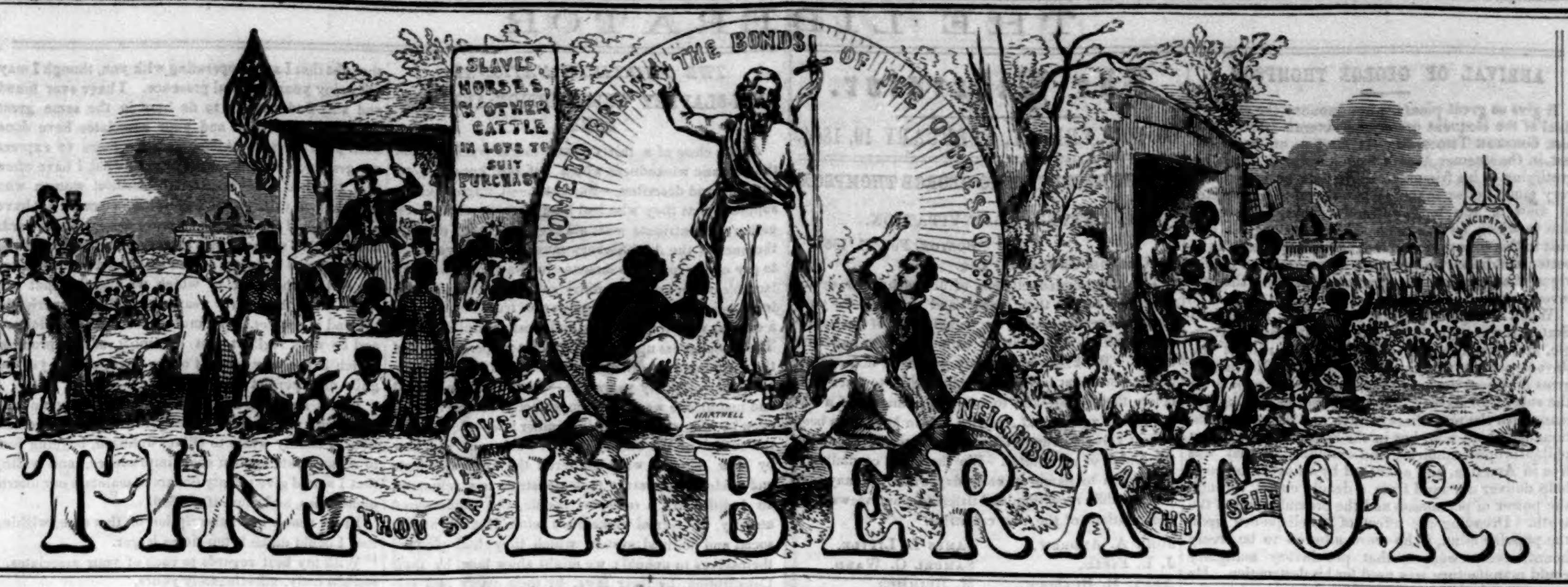
☞ Four copies will be sent to one address for TEN DOLLARS, if payment is made in advance.

☞ All remittances are to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to be directed, (POST PAID,) to the General Agent.

☞ Advertisements of a square and over inserted three times at five cents per line; less than a square, 75 cents for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly advertisements inserted on reasonable terms.

☞ The Agents of the American, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan Anti-Slavery Societies are authorized to receive subscriptions for THE LIBERATOR.

☞ The following gentlemen constitute the Financial Committee, but are not responsible for any debts of the paper, viz:—WENDELL PHILLIPS, EDMUND QUINCY, EDMUND JACKSON, and WILLIAM L. GARRISON, JR.



"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES. . . . From the instant that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, CIVIL, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war powers of CONGRESS extend to interference with the institution of slavery, IN EVERY WAY IN WHICH IT CAN BE INTERFERED WITH, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or destroyed, to the cession of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and MUST CARRY IT ON, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF WAR; and by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 8. BOSTON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1864. WHOLE NO. 1724.

Refuge of Oppression.

George Thompson, the famous English Abolitionist, whose oratorical displays against slavery excited such commotion in our large cities thirty years ago, is about to revisit this country. He will undoubtedly be made the object of a good deal of glorification by the old line anti-slavery men of the Garrisonian stamp. This is well enough for them, for he was once their fellow-laborer and fellow-sufferer. But is he entitled to any such welcome from our people generally? Do the anti-slavery Union men of the North owe him any special tribute of respect and honor for what he once here said and did? We don't ask this with any reference to the fact that he is an Englishman. Allow, if need be, that he is no intruder here; that he had precisely the same right to deliver himself against American slavery that any American had; our inquiry yet is, whether he is now entitled to American laudation? In other words, we give the question the broad scope whether the Garrisonian school, with which he was identified, deserve well of the Republic? We all rejoice in the downfall of slavery; are we indebted for it to them?

We say emphatically, No! The work is not theirs. It was not theirs either in method or in result. It was not theirs either directly or indirectly, proximately or remotely, as a condition or as a final cause. Precisely the contrary. Had their principles been adopted, and their plans acted upon, slavery at this day would be stronger than ever, and more secure of an indefinite perpetuation. There is no refuting this fact. What was the distinctive anti-slavery principle of that school? It was that the government of the United States had no right to live in partnership with slavery, and that a government that did so live was not to be supported. Garrison expressed it in the motto of his paper that the "Constitution was a covenant with hell;" and in his practical life of perpetual refusal to vote, or perform any other civil duty under that Constitution. So preached Thompson. So preached and practised Wendell Phillips and all the lesser disciples. In other words, these set of men labored exactly for the same end for which John C. Calhoun labored—the dissolution of the Union between the non-slaveholding and the slaveholding States. Their moral purpose differed from his, but their political purpose was exactly the same. In idea opposed as widely as the poles, in action they worked shoulder to shoulder. Calhoun endeavored to break up the Union to save slavery. Garrison endeavored to break up the Union to get loose from slavery. Slavery made the one a disunion man; anti-slavery the other. Yet they both worked, each in his own way, with entire devotion to the common object. Now what are we fighting? Disunion, are we not? This war has an existence simply and solely because the Northern people have been determined to maintain the entirety of this nation—that is to say, because they have been determined not to permit that which Calhoun and Garrison sought to accomplish. Had the Government and the people cherished the hate of the Union which Calhoun and Garrison inculcated, not a soldier would have been raised; Jeff. Davis would have been "let alone," just as he demanded to be; secession would have been peacefully accomplished; and the Confederacy, with its slavery "corner-stone," would now be standing firm and strong, compelling the tribute of all nations. It is war for the Union alone that has prevented this new condition of slavery. More than that, it is this war for the Union alone that is destroying the old condition of slavery. It has not only thwarted the aggrandizement of the institution, but it has or will put an end to its very existence. True, this was not the original aim of the war for the Union, but that matters not; it has been an effect of the war, and but for it could never have been realized. With what face, then, can these disunion Abolitionists lay the slightest claim to any credit for the destruction of slavery we are now witnessing? Is it said that though their political principles were erroneous, their moral agitation against slavery so educated the North as to make possible President Lincoln's election, with all its magnificent anti-slavery results? We deny it. These men did not contribute to that election. They kept utterly aloof from all participation in it. It was affected by an anti-slavery spirit of the North, but not one of their creation or promotion. It was a spirit that resisted the extension of slavery, but a spirit, too, that cherished the Union and respected the Constitution. It sprang into being long before any man of them saw the light. Our grandfathers had it when they formed the great ordinance excluding slavery from the Northwest. Our fathers had it when they made that stern fight which ended in securing perpetual freedom in all territory North of the parallel, afterwards known as the Missouri Compromise line. The pretensions which we sometimes see advanced, that Garrison and Phillips and company generated the anti-slavery sentiments of the North, is monstrous. They began their work in 1833. The halls of Congress never rang with fiercer fulminations against slavery than in 1820. The Sixteenth Congress contended in Missouri with every whit as great force in numbers and determination in spirit as the Thirty-fourth Congress contended for freedom in Kansas. Garrison and Phillips had as little to do in supplying the morale of the one struggle as of the other. So far as they had any agency in the last great conflict, it demoralized the North instead of the reverse. Their hatred of the Union made tens of thousands of honest men confound anti-slavery with disunion, and turned them upon the side of slavery. We have not a particle of doubt that there was not a year in the twenty-five years preceding the rebellion, when the anti-slavery cause in this country would not have further advanced, and been in every respect better off, had William Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips, and George Thompson, or disunion abolition speakers and writers like them, never existed. In no respect is the emancipation, which we are hailing, their work, either politically or morally. Not politically, because they opposed the Union, for which this war was made, which war alone has destroyed slavery. Not morally, for they did what they could to identify anti-slavery with disunion, thereby weakening the resistance of the North to the demands of slavery. Their motives, perhaps, were all right enough. But good motives don't justify a ruinous policy. Nor do they entitle to a share in the credit of others, whose motives have been equally good, and whose policy was infinitely better. Garrison and his co-laborers may well rejoice in the emancipation we are now seeing. Nobody grudges them that. They may properly enough congratulate their old English friend upon it, if they like. All anti-slavery men the world over, whether wise or unwise, must of course feel a satisfaction in this result. But the Garrisonians have no right to treat this consummation as their victory. They will fail if they undertake to figure as conquering champions. The great anti-slavery North will blow no trumpets over either them or their guest.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Liberator.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND. NO. II.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEO. THOMPSON.

BY WILLIAM FARMER, ESQ.

To the Editor of the Liberator:—

My object is not to write Mr. Thompson's "life," in the extended signification given to that word by most biographers, the main interest of which too often lies in the detail of puerile circumstances in a man's history calculated to minister to the morbid curiosity of readers; rather than to detail the characteristics of the man proper, and the events of his public life, with which alone the world is really concerned. It would not, however, be well to plunge into his career *in medias res*, as though he had sprung into public notice like Minerva, from the brain of Jove, in the maturity of existence, fully armed. Concerning Mr. Thompson's early history, it may suffice to state that he was born in Liverpool, on the 18th of June, 1804. His father, who was at the time cashier in the bank of Mr. W. Roscoe, the distinguished author of the life of Lorenzo de Medici, soon after the birth of George, his third son, removed from Liverpool to London, and was for some years afterwards connected with the eminent firm of Longman & Co., of Paternoster Row, then the largest booksellers in London. Mr. Thompson, senior, was a man of polished manners, cultivated intellect and extensive reading. He lived to see his son reach the height of his fame as an anti-slavery advocate, and died in the year 1832.

Those who have conversed with Mrs. Thompson, senior, are well aware that George, in mental power, was, *par excellence*, the son of his mother. In early youth he displayed the germ of those extraordinary qualities which have matured into his greatness as a man—a greatness which is based upon something more sound and honorable than mere conventional distinction, although it may be that of a ministerial Premier. His mother states that, from a child, he developed such powers of memory that it was useless to attempt to punish him for juvenile peccadilloes by the imposition of extra lessons. His early educational advantages were scanty; his subsequent extensive acquirements being, like those of all men of mark, the result of self-education. The slender basis laid in youth was in early manhood enlarged and consolidated sufficient to bear the imposing structure which was subsequently reared upon it, of fame though not of fortune. He had not long entered the world of business, when his extraordinary oratorical powers attracted the notice of the most profound scholar of the Wesleyan denomination, the Rev. Richard Watson, with whom George was a special favorite, and who was desirous of securing the youth's talent for the service of the Methodist ministry; but, although approving of the doctrines and ecclesiastical polity of the Wesleyan denomination, Mr. Watson's *protege* was not disposed, however important it may have been in his estimation, to confine his exertions to such a limited sphere. At a more advanced period of his career, Dr. Wardlaw expressed a similar desire to that of Mr. Watson, and upon one occasion induced Mr. Thompson to occupy his pulpit, when he delivered a magnificent discourse before the Professors of the Theological Academy and the *elite* of the city of Glasgow. There is no doubt that had he yielded to the pressing solicitations made to him, he would have stood pre-eminent amongst the pulpit orators of Great Britain, as he confessedly does amongst platform speakers; but whether the cause of humanity would have been so efficiently served as it has been by him is questionable.

His first essay in public speaking was wholly unpremeditated. About the year 1825, one of the leading notorieties which the residuum of a great metropolis occasionally throws up, was the Rev. Robert Taylor, a recreant clergyman of the Church of England, who ironically, although by no means inappropriately, dubbed himself "The Devil's Chaplain;" and opened a place for what he called "worship upon the principles of pure Deism." Young George's indignation was excited, not so much by the ultra infidelity of Taylor—for Mr. Thompson has always been ready to concede to others, what he claims for himself, perfect liberty of conscience—as by the coarse obscenity and vulgar ribaldry with which the man attacked Christianity, and the offensive language in which he challenged its supporters to discuss its merits, one of which challenges was accepted by George, who was then about twenty-one years of age. To all appearance, the great theological Goliath would make short work with the young David, who was supposed to have no skill in controversial force; but the result proved otherwise. With the simple weapons of truth, the stripling placed the giant *hors de combat*, even according to the admission of Taylor's own sceptical friends, and notwithstanding the superior advantages he possessed in his classical attainments and knowledge of the rules of logic and rhetoric. It is a remarkable fact in the early life of Mr. Thompson, and it was a certain presage of his future oratorical powers, that he succeeded in doing that which the Rev. Dr. Bennett, Theological Tutor of Rotherham College, and many other eminent divines, had failed in doing—he put the coarse but talented blasphemer to silence, chased him from the public gaze, and led to the closing of his boasted Areopagus, the influence of which was to have led to the overthrow of every religious denomination in Christendom. From that time George Thompson's high reputation as a speaker was established in the circle of controversialists amongst whom he had made his first essay, and which comprised men of no mean order of intellect or oratorical reputation, such as the renowned Gale Jones, by whom the youthful orator was encouraged to cultivate his remarkable powers.

In his Soiree speech, Mr. Thompson has referred to the educational advantages he derived, first from the London Mechanics' Institute, under the patronage of such men as Lord Brougham and Dr. Birkbeck; and, secondly, in the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, from which many of his contemporaries, like himself, have risen to greatness in different spheres of life, amongst whom might be named Mr. Serjeant Parry, Mr. Alderman Wire, a late Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Child, returning officer of the Tower Hamlets, and the Rev. Daniel Moore, M. A., Canon of St. Paul's and Golden Lecturer. The substantial difference between him and them, however, was that their labors brought them affluence as well as reputation; whilst his public services have barely supplied to furnish the necessary means of support for himself and family; at times even realizing hardly the answer to the prayer of Agur—"Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me." At this early period, he displayed the quality which has been his leading characteristic throughout life—his unflinching adherence to principle. Indeed, he might be described as a man without a policy, in the customary sinister signification of that word; or a party, in the usual meaning of the phrase—a servile adherence to the course of action of any set of men independent of a man's own conviction of its right or wrong. He has submitted every question he has dealt with to the test of the eternal principles of justice, irrespective of how the conclusion squared with the platform of friends or foes. This trait will be found prominent in the course he took in the agitation for the abolition of the apprenticeship system, and in his fearless championship of the cause of the maligned American Anti-Slavery Society. Upon both those questions he risked the loss of those whom the world would call his patrons; but in the pursuit of a righteous object, he would allow no man to patronize him in opposition to his convictions. At the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, his reputation was greatly increased.

Mr. Thompson's second public appearance as a speaker was made equally impromptu with the first. During the agitation of the Reform Bill, which was ultimately passed in 1832, a crowded vestry meeting was held in 1830, at St. James's Church, Clerkenwell, to petition Parliament in favor of "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," as the cry then ran throughout the country, at a time when the British people were on the eve of convulsion, if not of revolution. Mr. Thompson rose in the church, and, by the most magnificent speech ever delivered in that locality, perfectly electrified his audience. Such was the amount of enthusiasm which he evoked, that, at the conclusion of the proceedings, the multitude carried him upon their shoulders in triumph out of the sacred edifice.

There is an intimate connection, although it is not apparent at first sight, between Mr. Thompson's advocacy of the extension of the electoral franchise in 1830, and the realization of one of the crowning events of his life, the abolition of British Colonial slavery in 1834, and its full accomplishment in 1838. There is no doubt that the act of emancipation, however imperatively demanded by the precepts of Christianity, and even the common dictates of humanity, would never have been achieved in the legislature of this country, loudly as it boasted of its Christianity, under the old Boroughmongering system of misrepresentation. Prior to 1832, the Christian influence of Great Britain, whatever might have been its power elsewhere, was impotent in the legislature, and especially in that branch of it in which the bishops have a voice. Scarcely any electoral power could be brought to bear upon our law-makers to compel them to perform a patent act of humanity. On the 1st of August, 1834, when the Abolition measure came into partial operation, Dr. Pye Smith, raising his right hand, said—"The first petition this hand ever signed was for Parliamentary reform, and the second was for the abolition of slavery. The first of these measures was an indispensable precursor of the second." The venerable divine stated an important fact in the history of the anti-slavery movement, which is not peculiar, however, to this country. When would American slavery be abolished, if it was left to the involuntary action of any oligarchy even in the North, and especially in the South, to the tender mercies of which our sapient Copperheads wish us to leave the whole question?

The drag-chain doctrine is a curious illustration of the morals of the *Times*, upon which its whole policy is based. It makes the virtues of our European despotism, and the nobility of our aristocracy, to consist in their holding the people back, and preventing them from doing good too fast. This is the only element of utility which takes them out of the category of the *Fruges consumere nati;* which proves that they are not animals whose only office, in the economy of nature, is to consume food. The reformatory influence of the measure of 1832 has died out, and we require a new and more radical extension of the suffrage. The events of the last three years have strikingly demonstrated that the destinies of this country cannot safely be left in the hands of the present electoral body. The continuance of the friendly relations of England and America, and, indeed, to a large extent, the peace of the world, depend upon a thorough extension of our electoral franchise.

Another of Mr. Thompson's early oratorical efforts was made during a hotly-contested election for the office of coroner for the county of Middlesex, in 1829, in favor of the late Thomas Wakley, for many years Mr. Duncombe's colleague in the representation of Finsbury in Parliament. The struggle was, primarily, whether a doctor or a lawyer was best qualified to preside as judge in a court of medical jurisprudence; but beneath that question was another of grave import, viz., whether the old Tories should maintain their ascendency in the country. The constituency decided in the negative, and Mr. Thompson's labors were most influential in bringing about the desirable result.

There is a curious fact connected with this election. No one could be more proud of her son's reputation than Mr. Thompson's mother; and yet the only time she ever heard him speak in public was when she casually came upon Clerkenwell Green, and saw him mounted upon a beer barrel, haranguing a large crowd of people.

Mr. Thompson's first official connection with the Anti-Slavery movement was in 1831, as travelling agent of the London Anti-Slavery Society. He threw himself into the work with the entire energy of his soul. The contest, though short, was fierce and bitter. The men who had burnt down the chapels in Jamaica, and murdered the missionary Smith of Demerara, would have burnt and murdered the abolitionists here, had they dared. The issue of the contest, indeed, to the planters was vital; for uncompensated emancipation would have been their ruin, so much had their extravagance, and the bad management of their estates impoverished them. Their violence in the colonies recoiled upon their heads at home. The tale of Knibb and Burchell roused the dormant sense of justice in the minds of the British public. With the fatality of men doomed to destruction, the planters had proceeded to such lengths that the feeling of the conservative part of the community in England was alienated from them. But their social influence was still great, and it required a man so eminently fitted for the honor as Mr. Thompson to accomplish the work of emancipation in opposition to the powerful oligarchy he had to contend against.

The events of the period are now familiar matters of history, and it is, therefore, only necessary to allude to them *en passant*, in order to preserve the continuity of the narrative. It would be a thrice told tale to narrate how Mr. Thompson defeated the champion of the West Indian interest, Mr. Peter Borthwick, in the strongest holds of slavery in this kingdom, Liverpool and Glasgow. It is due to Mr. Borthwick to state that, notwithstanding the heat of the debate, which in some instances proceeded almost to personal violence, he always retained a friendly feeling towards Mr. Thompson, and there were important measures in which the two old antagonists co-operated when they were both members of the British Legislature, notwithstanding the extreme dissimilarity of their general politics. On one occasion, Mr. Thompson actually received a challenge to a duel, from a military officer, which, however, not being so great in pistols as he was in arguments, and on moral grounds, he declined.

As a consequence of the overthrow of slavery, Mr. Thompson had helped powerfully to impair his own means of subsistence. It would, however, have been unpardonable ingratitude in the friends whom he had served so nobly, had they left him to his own resources in an exigency occasioned by such a glorious result as that which had just been achieved. This was a sin of omission not to be thought of, inasmuch as his scale of renumeration left him no margin for savings, after having met the current expenses of his family. A conference of the leading friends of the anti-slavery cause was held, and they unanimously resolved that the English bar was the sphere best suited for his forensic talents. The extremely liberal offer was made to him, to provide for himself and his family whilst he kept his "terms" at one of the inns of court, and until he had obtained a sufficient practice as a barrister to enable him to throw himself upon his own pecuniary resources. The following distinguished lawyers offered to undertake his legal education:—Lord Brougham, Sir Stephen Lushington, now Judge of the Admiralty Court and Court of Arches, and Mr. Serjeant Stephen—son of Mr James Stephen, a Master in Chancery, and author of the well-known work, (happily now rendered useless, except as a curious relic of the barbarism of days not long gone by,) upon The Law and Practice of Slavery, and brother of Sir James Stephen, for many years Under Secretary of State for the colonies—and others. Probably no young man had ever had the offer of such a legal phalanx to guide his studies. This was the great turning point of Mr. Thompson's life. Apparently fame and fortune lay within his easy grasp. Lawyers, to whom he is well known, declare that his qualifications for a successful career at the bar were pre-eminent. During the past year, Mr. Serjeant Parry has expressed to me a confident opinion that, had Mr. Thompson pursued his legal practice with the same zeal and intelligence he had displayed in the public service, he would no doubt at the present time have been possessed of a handsome fortune, and have most likely been a distinguished ornament of the judicial bench. He was endowed with the elements of far more than a mere *nisi prius* lawyer. He had something more than the capital with which many barristers have made large fortunes—an ability to declaim powerfully before a jury. He had all the materials necessary to eminent legal acumen—a remarkable power of analyzing evidence, and of seizing upon either weak or salient points in argument. In point of fact, all the leading requirements of a first-rate barrister were displayed by him in the proceedings at the India House, where he advocated the cause of the King of Delhi and the Rajah of Sattara. It is necessary somewhat to elaborate this point, in order to show that Mr. Thompson's success at the bar was by no means problematical, and rightly to understand the extent of the sacrifice which he subsequently made for the emancipation of the American slave. He was a young man of twenty-nine years of age, with a wife and rising family, and he might have legitimately pleaded their claims upon him as a justification for accepting the tempting offer so honorably made to him, and which he might have accepted without any charge of apostacy from his anti-slavery principles. There were, however, in his mind, as we shall presently see, higher considerations than mere self-interest, or the even more imperative claims of wife and children.

COMPLIMENTARY BREAKFAST TO MR. GEORGE THOMPSON.

Yesterday morning a number of the Liverpool friends of Mr. George Thompson, the well-known and popular advocate of negro emancipation, entertained that gentleman at breakfast, at the Adelphi Hotel, prior to his departure for America. Amongst those present were—Mr. Charles Robertson, (in the chair,) Mr. John Patterson, (in the vice chair,) Mr. Dudley, (the American Consul,) Mr. Thompson, jr., the Rev. Prof. Griffiths, the Rev. W. Graham, Mr. C. Rawlins, jun., Mr. C. R. Hall, the Rev. Mr. Rees, Messrs. Maurice Williams, E. K. Muspratt, Leighton, P. Stewart, D. Stewart, Macqueen, R. Trimble, Noble, and others. After breakfast,

The Chairman said, having been requested upon entering the room to preside, he had felt that, from regard for Mr. Thompson, and the admiration he entertained in common with all present for that gentleman's valuable services to the cause of freedom and progress during the last 30 years, he could not do otherwise than comply. He (the chairman) could look back over 25 years in connection with public affairs, but long before the commencement of that time Mr. Thompson had been the able and uncompromising advocate of emancipation, and had won its spurs in the movement which eventuated in the liberation of the slaves in our West Indian Colonies. (Applause.) Not content after one victory to sit down, "rest, and be thankful," he had since then gone to advocate, successfully, all those questions of progress in which this community felt so deep an interest. He had taken a prominent part upon the corn-law question, and had contributed greatly to securing the results for which all were now so grateful (hear.) And when this last question arose, and, to the regret of many, there appeared to be so much lukewarmness and indifference in the minds of a great portion of the community as to the results of the struggle in America, he had shown himself ready to take his share of the great movement, and to do everything in his power to carry it to a successful issue. (Applause.) That movement during the last two years had greatly enlightened the public mind as to the results of the question at issue in the States; and the community was prepared to give a much heartier support to the North than at one time they had been, because they saw that the interests involved were those of freedom and slavery—not simply those of union or disunion—and that this struggle would practically settle forever throughout the world the great question of negro emancipation. (Applause.) In leaving this country to visit America for a short time, he hoped Mr. Thompson would find a very different feeling prevalent in the States from that which he had found there some years ago. He would find a large and growing approval of the course he had then pursued, and the object to which he had devoted his labors. He (the chairman) trusted Mr. Thompson would go with the assurance that while he was absent his friends in England would feel very deep interest in his work, and be glad to hear, from time to time, the valuable information which he would communicate as to the progress of emancipation in America; and that they would be ready to welcome him at some future time, should he be spared for further labors in the great work. (Loud applause.)

Mr. C. Rawlins, Jun., moved the following resolution:—"That this meeting, sympathizing with the great cause of emancipation, to the advocacy of which Mr. Thompson has devoted the best years of his life, desires to express its hearty wish for his success while visiting the States of America." Mr. Thompson's labors in the cause of humanity were, with (Mr. Rawlins,) as with the chairman, traditional; for, when a very young lad, he heard of his having conducted an argument with Mr. Peter Borthwick, in the Amphitheatre, in 1832, and of the impression which he made by producing and cracking a veritable whip with which slaves were flogged—a lesson upon objects which, probably, went further than many more serious arguments. (Loud applause.) In every question in which his advocacy had been likely to do good, Mr. Thompson had labored. It was scarcely needful to refer to the India question, in which he had advocated the claims of the native population, and counselled a line of policy which, had it been adopted, would probably have prevented the rebellion. (Loud applause.) The chairman had already spoken of his services in the advocacy of the Repeal of the Corn Laws; and more recently, when the Lords had attempted an aggression upon the rights of the Commons, to dictate what amount of taxation should be borne by the people, he had again rushed "to the fore," and advocated those rights so forcibly, that he (Mr. Rawlins) believed, from the strong impression made throughout the country, such an attempt would never again be made. (Hear, hear.) He was leaving England at a time when the war-clouds were settling very heavily over Europe; but it might be hoped that soon the news would follow him that the resolution of the Congress of Paris in 1856, to make an honest attempt at argument before war begun, had been adopted. It was not desirable that anything should distract the attention of this country from the great struggle in the United States, with regard to which the Government had shown so great a change of opinion and action. That change had resulted from an evident change throughout English society. Earl Russell had recently declared his belief that a large majority of the people of England was in favor of the North, and the Government had taken strong steps to prevent any violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act. He believed the "upper ten thousand" were as fearful as ever of the spread of democratic opinions, and would prefer aristocracy and slavery to democracy and universal freedom. (Loud applause.) They still appeared to think that every man who had confidence in the cause of the North wished to "Americanize" English institutions. He did not believe there was any wish to introduce American institutions to England, but to introduce the English institution of personal freedom into America. (Applause.) In the United States, public opinion in favor of emancipation was growing, and the Republican party, until lately a small section, was now a great majority of the North; while the desired issue was being hastened by the force of public opinion—especially amongst the middle and working classes—in this country. That opinion had influenced the Government in reference to the steam-rams fitting out in this country for Confederate aggression, by convincing it that it was as well our highest policy as our clearest interest to prevent the rams from going out. (Hear, hear.) Earl Russell, at Blairgowrie, had bespoken consideration for the name of Rebellion, because the rights and liberties of Englishmen had depended on two rebellions; and it was because he (Mr. Rawlins) did not wish to see the sacred name of rebellion prostituted to the vilest of purposes that he had sympathy with the North. (Hear, hear.) The secession was not simply rebellion, but the vilest treason. Both President Davis and Vice President Stephens had, as Senators of the United States, in 1861, declared the government of the States to be the best ever created, the most righteously administered, and producing the largest amount of prosperity on record in history. Under such circumstances, the wonder was not that the sympathy of the working and middle classes of this country should be refused to the cause of secession, but rather that any were so recreant to the cause of freedom as to give the South the slightest support. (Applause.) Secession was conspiracy to extend slavery from ocean to ocean, absorbing Mexico and Central America, and giving the right hand of fellowship to the King of Dahomey. (Applause.) He hoped Mr. Thompson would take to America the message that, come what would, England would be true to her traditions. He had great pleasure in moving the resolution. (Applause.)

The Rev. W. Graham seconded the resolution, observing that he regarded the permission to do as a special privilege, not only because he felt strongly in connection with the cause of negro emancipation, but also because he had some old recollections connected with the honored guest of the occasion. Nearly 30 years ago, when a very little boy, he had seen and heard Mr. Thompson in the old Low Church at Paisley, about eleven o'clock at night, and been deeply impressed by his Ciceronian bearing and oratory; and the magnanimous appeals to the highest principles then made had sowed in the minds of himself and many more seeds of fire which were not yet trampled out by custom or lapse of time. He had heard him again a year ago in Carlisle, and been delighted to find that the enthusiasm of his boyhood had not been misplaced, but was justified by the calmer judgment of riper years. (Hear, hear.) After referring more particularly to Mr. Thompson's early labors in the cause of West Indian emancipation, he went on to say that it was a fine thing to see a man who had done so much to create public sentiment, still, after a lapse of 30 years, showing his plume in the front of the army, true as steel to the same sacred cause. (Applause.) In Liverpool trade interests had been strongly opposed to the growth of that cause, and he compared the friends of abolition here to the pickets of the army, whose duty it was to give the right tone of firmness to the hosts behind—the population inland. (Cheers.) He went on to compare the present struggle in America with the English Revolution, regarding the principles at issue as the same in both conflicts, and the absence of great leaders in the American war as a happy circumstance, calculated to inspire more direct confidence in God. With the Americans the great question at issue might be the political question of union, but with us it was the human question—the Divine question of liberty. He concluded by expressing his warmest desires for Mr. Thompson's success in his present visit to America.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. Thompson was received with applause. He thanked his friends for the resolution they had passed and for their presence. It would be a consolation to him when, twenty-four hours thence, he should turn his face to the American shores, that, in his own native town, he had been so honored. Within a hundred yards of that place he was born. (Hear, hear.) His father was cashier to William Roscoe—(applause)—and if, during the years which had passed since then, he had said anything for God and humanity, he might date his earliest impressions from his father's connection with one who, less by the splendor of his genius than by his Christian philanthropy, had adorned and illustrated Liverpool. (Applause.) As this was a personal compliment, he hoped to be pardoned for being a little egotistical; that the young men present might learn the feelings of an old man upon a review of the sixty years that were past. Born in humble life, and removed to London at four years old, he had had to educate himself. He had no schooling; and at eighteen years of age his entire library, stored in his little garret, consisted of a torn copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost," two or three plays of Shakspeare, the "Rasselas" of Johnson, and Cowper's poems—not bad books to study. (Hear, hear.) He early became a member of such societies as promised the means of some education; was amongst the earliest to enrol in the London Mechanics' Institute, founded by Dr. Birkbeck and Henry Brougham; and afterwards a member of the Literary Institution in Aldersgate street, founded by Lord Denman and Mr. Grote; in both of which there were debating classes, at one of which he first heard the sound of his own voice, choosing for his first subject the immediate emancipation of the slaves of the British West Indian colonies. (Cheers.) He wished to dispossess the minds of any who might think he had ever taken up any public cause at the dictation of others, in consequence of pecuniary offers, or with any view to personal promotion or emolument; for since the beginning of his public life, he had never made a bargain, had never been bought, and at nearly sixty years of age he was as poor as when he commenced his labors for the cause of humanity. (Applause.) As a boy, he had almost worshipped certain men who advocated the cause of progress and freedom. He had loitered about the courts of law that he might gaze on the faces and follow in the footsteps of Brougham and Lyndhurst; and had been delighted whenever he could hear men whose noble sentiments and grasp of philanthropic feeling placed them amongst the greatest, noblest, and best of his countrymen; but he had at that time no prospect of ever going beyond the humble, narrow sphere in which Providence appeared to have placed him. As an errand boy and a Sunday-school scholar, he trudged about London, often fancying himself the advocate of the oppressed negro, and repeating to himself the lines of Cowper, commencing—"Forced from home and all its pleasures, Afric's coast I left forlorn." Having joined the institutions already mentioned, he soon introduced the question of negro slavery in this form—"Ought emancipation in our colonies to be immediate or gradual?" himself advocating immediate emancipation. Through life his motto had been, "*Fiat justitia ruat cœlum*"—"Let justice be done!" He had ever deemed the right course the safest, and the wrong the most hazardous, and tampering with principle was treason to truth and rebellion against God. (Applause.) That great principle had guided and enlightened him upon all great public questions. As early as he could recollect thinking on the subject, he had concluded that to hold a human being as property was a supreme act of infidelity to God. The Savior had said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but unto God the things that are God's;" and upon the negro's soul was found the impress of Divinity. (Applause.) He had so read humanity, however poor, ragged, lacerated, debased; whether upon the auction-block, in the person of a woman, with all a woman's affections, hopes, anxieties, and joys, centered in her child; and when he saw a man claim them as his property, he saw the most stupendous villain that ever cursed the earth or defied his God. (Loud applause.) If he had done anything to promote the cause of emancipation, he owed it to his fidelity to this principle. (Hear, hear, and applause.) His advice to young men was—don't prate in public for the sake of hearing yourselves talk; beware of trying how ingeniously you can "make the worse appear the better reason;" or you will acquire a moral obliquity that may remain with you for life. Let them see, in all questions, whether any principle was involved, and then boldly proclaim it; for though it might create a tempest, it would afterwards be a landmark for others. (Applause.)

The part he had taken upon the Anti-Corn-law question had been mentioned. He had been branded as the hireling advocate of that cause. Nothing was more false; and he only referred to it now to encourage others who were engaged in reformatory movements to despise such imputations and live them down, in the assurance that when, as with him, their career was drawing to a close, their integrity would be acknowledged. Until after the settlement of the West Indian emancipation, he had known nothing of the corn-law question; but immediately after that work had been accomplished, he received an invitation to meet a number of noblemen and gentlemen—amongst them the Marquis of Chandos, afterwards Duke of Buckingham—in London, and there received an offer—(the circumstances of which Mr. T. here detailed at length)—of a secured independence and a seat in Parliament, if he could see his way, without being bound by conditions, to advocating the preservation of the corn laws. In order to enable himself to decide upon the proper course to be taken with regard to this offer, he gave the whole subject his careful consideration, and came to the conclusion, which he communicated to those who had offered to place such confidence in him, that if he ever spoke upon the corn laws, it would be to denounce them as unjust in principle, pernicious in operation, and contrary to the designs of God, who had made men, all over the world mutually dependent. (Loud applause.)

But how had he come to take up the anti-slavery question? Having married, he one day read in the *Morning Herald*, while getting his dinner at a coffee-house in the city, an advertisement for a young man of good address, capable of lecturing, for the purpose of explaining the objects of the London Anti-Slavery Society—letters to be addressed to Thomas Pringle, the poet, who was the secretary. Upon talking the matter over with his wife, who had heard him speak at the meetings in the theatre, in Aldersgate street—in which, amongst others, the late Lord Mayor Wire, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, Mr. John Arthur Roebuck (now M. P. for Sheffield,) Mr. Hickson (afterwards editor of the *Westminster*,) and several other men well known in after years, took part—he was persuaded to write to Mr. Pringle in these terms: "Sir, I have read your advertisement. In my heart and in my understanding, I am an inveterate and invincible opponent of slavery. If, on an interview with me, you think I can serve the cause, I am ready to offer you my services." He proceeded to relate the interviews with Mr. Pringle, Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Stephen, and Mr. Zachary Macaulay, to which this application led; and the circumstances of his appointment, and first journey, for the purpose of lecturing for the society at Rochester; detailing, with much feeling and minuteness, the particulars of his reception and success in the city.

Mr. Thompson then proceeded to relate the circumstances under which, complying with the solicitations of friends in America, after the work of emancipation had been completed in this country, he had proceeded upon his first visit to the United States; relinquishing the prospect of a career at the English bar, for which he was advised to study, and promised assistance by Dr. Lushington, Lord Brougham, Mr. James Stephens, Sir George Stephen, and other friends. After describing the reception with which he met, and the dangers to which his mission exposed him, he went on to speak of his present intention of paying a third visit to America; his second, which cost him a seat in Parliament, having been paid in 1850. Upon his first visit, the room in which he was now speaking would have held four times as many people as all the abolitionists he

found in Boston. Now, he went to find almost every man willing to give him a cordial welcome; the status of the negro wholly changed; more than a million of negroes freed from slavery by the late military operations, under the Proclamation of President Lincoln; and that slavery which had devoured its hecacombs of victims so weakened, wounded, and dislocated, that it would never re-assume its former proportions of power. He went to grasp once more the hands of those who had stood by him in hours of peril, and would have given their lives for his; who had taken up this cause when it was ignoble, mean, despised, and scorned. (Applause.)

With some further reference to the early history of the anti-slavery movement in England, Mr. Thompson went on to assure the meeting that he found it hard to wrench himself away from home and friends, and that he should remember and love his country the more for absence. He went on to speak in the highest terms of admiration of the British Constitution, of the character of the Queen, and to encourage the friends of reform in this country to persevere in their noble work. They had the mind, the intellect, the philosophy of England with them; and as for those whom Mr. Rawlings had mentioned, they had never been with them, but had opposed all efforts of progress. There was nothing so difficult remaining to be done as what had been already accomplished. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) There was a slumbering energy in this country which would achieve anything that was seen to be necessary and right. Let them, then, send out agents to inform the country, who would take up the work he must soon lay down. Let them be true to the cause of progress here—he would be true to it where he went. When, hereafter, he should stand upon the spot where John Brown was hung, with an assemblage of thousands of emancipated negroes, he would tell them who in England were his friends and theirs. And, in conclusion, he asked them to join him in the utterance of the poetic prayer—

Spirit of freedom, on!
Oh! pause not in thy flight,
Till every clime be won
To worship in thy light!
Speed on thy glorious way,
And wake the sleeping lands;—
Millions are watching for thy ray,
And spread to thee their hands.
On! till thy name is known
Throughout the peopled earth!
On! till thou reign'st alone—
Man's heritage by birth!
On! till from every vale,
And where the mountains rise,
The beacon lights of liberty
Shall kindle to the skies!

(Loud cheers.)

The Rev. Professor Griffiths proposed the second resolution:—"That this meeting commits to Mr. Thompson the expression of its sympathy with the people of the United States in their present momentous struggle, and its desire for the restoration of peace and union on the basis of freedom."

Mr. John Patterson seconded the resolution. He trusted that Mr. Thompson would tell the people of America that certain misrepresentations of public opinion in Liverpool were misrepresentations; that the virus of the slave trade was not yet eradicated from the minds of Liverpool merchants; and moral considerations had been overborne by the material interests represented by profits on slave-grown cotton; but that the people, whenever assembled, had had but one voice, and that for human freedom. (Applause.) He might tell them that the popular feeling had not been affected by the representations of some, that the question at issue was not that of slavery; and that even the official representatives of the slave power in Liverpool had, on every occasion, represented the establishment of human freedom and the abolition of slavery as most desirable. Men like Mr. Thompson, intelligent members of the Government and of Parliament, like Mr. Milner Gibson, knew that the quarrel was about slavery, and nothing else; and Mr. Thompson would find as he (Mr. Patterson) had found in America, men of all shades of opinion stating the same thing. It would ill become the friends of human progress to advocate the continuance of the war, and no one desired to see the present war stopped more than he and the friends around him; but it could only be properly stopped by the submission of the South, who had begun the war. It might sometimes occur that both parties in such a struggle were wrong; but, incontestibly, in this war, the men who had risen to extend human slavery by force of arms were guilty of a more diabolical crime than had ever before been committed by a nation in its corporate capacity. (Applause.) Mr. Thompson might also say in America that the friends of emancipation would do everything in their power to induce those who admired the bravery of the South to use their influence to prevent the latter from continuing a hopeless struggle. (Applause.) Mr. Patterson went on to express the pleasure he had in being present, and his admiration of Mr. Thompson, of whose labors he had been an attentive observer for many years.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

After some remarks from the Chairman, Mr. Thompson said he expected to address a large meeting in Boston within a few days after his arrival in America, upon the position of the American question in England; and he would take that opportunity of conveying the sentiments of the present meeting. He should endeavor to represent faithfully the state of English feeling. In conclusion, he expressed his confidence in Mr. Lincoln, and his belief that future generations would remember with equal gratitude George Washington, the founder of American independence, and Abraham Lincoln, the liberator of the slave. (Applause.)

A vote of thanks to the chairman and vice-chairman brought the proceedings to a close.

—*Liverpool paper, Jan. 2d.*

TO GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ.

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE THIRD TIME TO THE UNITED STATES.

DEAR AND HONORED SIR:—

The Committee of the Preston Anti-Slavery Society rejoice to unite with the larger and kindred associations in recording their grateful appreciation of that long, faithful, and effective service which you have rendered, during the past thirty years, to the cause of Emancipation. We desire hereby to testify our sincere admiration of one who, by the entire consecration of his great powers of thought, eloquence, and pen, has done more than any other living man in this country to advance universal freedom and justice. We desire to express our sense of individual indebtedness for the deep interest and true friendship you have ever manifested towards us, and for the unvarying willingness and ability with which, often at the sacrifice of personal claims, you have advocated in this town, as our representative, the cause of the oppressed negro. As one who knows the Anti-Slavery heart of Old England,—as the most worthy exponent of its feeling and principles,—we rejoice that you have the prospect of visiting, once more, the great battle-field of Slavery,—of witnessing its overthrow and ruins, and aiding to swell the shout of victory into the song of complete and final triumph.

We therefore bid you "FAREWELL," in gratitude and hope: in gratitude for the work you have been able to accomplish, and for the marvellous achievements you will behold in that land in which you were once "despised and rejected":—in hope, because we trust in due time to hear of your well-doing, of your joyous welcome from our American kinsmen, your happy and useful sojourn among them, and your yet happier return to your own, your Native Land.

(Signed,) SARAH JANE CLEMESHA.
Honorable Secretary.

Preston, January 18, 1864.

TESTIMONIAL.

Copy of Minute of Resolution of the Executive of the UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE, *January 20, 1864*:—

Resolved, That the Executive Council of the UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE for the prohibition of the Liquor Traffic hereby express their gratification on having the opportunity of testifying to GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., prior to his departure to the United States, their high sense of his personal worth, and of the great value of his eloquent advocacy of the cause of prohibition, as the right and duty of the people.

Whilst taking leave of Mr. Thompson, the Executive indulge the hope that he may long be spared to render his powerful aid to the cause of true Social Progress.

Moved by Rev. J. C. STREET;
Seconded by Rev. JAMES CLARK.
THOMAS N. BARKER, *Secretary U. K. A.*

ARRIVAL OF GEORGE THOMPSON.

It gives us great pleasure to announce the safe arrival of the eloquent orator and veteran philanthropist, GEORGE THOMPSON, at Boston, on Saturday last, in the steamer Arabia, from Liverpool. It will be gratifying to his friends to learn that he is looking very much better than any had dared to anticipate, in view of the long-protracted physical prostration to which he has been subjected since his last visit to this country; and that he reports himself as in better condition, on the score of mental and bodily vigor, than he has been at any time within the last seven years.

When George Thompson first visited the United States, it was in the infancy of the anti-slavery struggle, and therefore at a period when the rule of the slaveocracy was absolute over the entire North, and gross darkness covered the minds of the people on the subject of slavery. He came not as an Englishman, with the prejudices of birth and the odor of nationality about him, but in the spirit of a Christian philanthropist, admiring and extolling all that was free in America, and animated by a sincere desire to help deliver our land from a deadly curse, through the power of persuasion and the promulgation of the truth. Dreading the effect of his eloquence upon the popular mind, if he were allowed to be freely heard, every weapon that pro-slavery malignity could manufacture was used for his destruction. He was accused of being an emissary employed by the British government, with his pockets filled with British gold, for the purpose of "breaking up our glorious Union;" and this ridiculous accusation, being readily swallowed by a prejudiced and ignorant multitude, more than anything else endangered his life while he remained in this country. What he then suffered and periled, and what he accomplished in behalf of the cause he so devotedly espoused, this is not the place to record.

His second visit was in 1850, at the time of the passage of the infamous Fugitive Slave Law, and the other slaveholding compromises. It was a period of gloom on the part of the friends of freedom, and of jubilation among the lords of the lash and their Northern abettors. Webster had sold his manhood for less than a mess of Southern pottage, and basely bowed his knee to slavery. Nevertheless, the anti-slavery cause had made powerful advances; and, consequently, Mr. Thompson was received with far less bitterness than on his first visit.

He now comes in the midst of the clash of arms and the roar of cannon between a divided country, whose unity he had labored to perpetuate on the solid foundation of universal freedom, and in whose welfare and preservation he takes the same generous interest as of old. He comes to find whatever is truly loyal in the land, whether North or South, on the side of freedom for all, without distinction of color or race—more than three-fourths of the entire slave population declared FREE FOREVER under the proclamation of President Lincoln, and slavery in the Border States rapidly disappearing—a hundred thousand colored soldiers "armed and equipped as the law directs for military duty," and a general determination to exterminate the slave system in suppressing the rebellion, thus redeeming democratic institutions from the reproach which has been heaped upon them, and making this, truly, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

No one more quickly heard, or more intelligently interpreted the meaning of the first shot fired at Sumter than Mr. Thompson; and, from that time till now, he has generously consecrated his time and gifts in the service of the American Government, with his pen and voice, his untiring industry and admirable tact, his organizing power and stirring eloquence, and his perfect knowledge of American affairs, baffling the Southern secessionists on British soil, exposing British sympathizers with the rebellion, and most efficiently helping to elicit those many powerful expressions of popular sentiment in behalf of the Federal Administration, by which the British Government has been held in check, and a sanguinary war between the two countries averted.

What, then, is due to Mr. Thompson at the hands of all loyal men—of all lovers of republican institutions? Respect, gratitude, and the warmest welcome. Let Boston set the example of a series of ovations which shall spread from city to city, from one section of the country to the other; whereby, in honoring him, we shall procure honor for ourselves, make at least partial atonement for the past, strengthen the struggling cause of freedom in the old world, and give a fresh impulse to those patriotic sentiments and measures which shall speedily terminate the rebellion, and crown our republic with victory, peace, universal liberty, and the blessing of Almighty God!

—*New York Independent.*

WELCOME TO GEORGE THOMPSON! This distinguished friend of the loyal cause will be greeted, as he steps his foot on our shores, with deep and universal gratitude. We owe him a cordial reception as a just compensation for the indignities which were heaped upon him on a former visit, and as a fair return for his labors in our behalf. At home Mr. Thompson is everywhere known as a friend of freedom and champion of the North. Early in the rebellion he saw the principles at issue; and while Mr. Gladstone was prophesying success to the South, and Earl Russell could see "in this miserable war" only a contest for power on the one side and dominion on the other, he lifted up his voice against the slaveholders' conspiracy. Night after night in different parts of England have his eloquent words resounded, as he addressed crowds in advocacy of the principles of the North. It is said that we owe more to his influence, in changing public sentiment in Great Britain, than to any other public man. He was a friend in the hour of our sorest need. As then he, for the third time, visits our shores, every one who loves freedom and his country should unite to give him a cordial greeting. Therefore we join in the cry of "*Welcome to George Thompson!*"—*Christian Register.*

ARRIVAL OF GEORGE THOMPSON. We are pleased to be able to announce the safe arrival of George Thompson, the eloquent and true-hearted champion of popular rights and the steadfast friend of the North. He came in the Arabia, to Boston, on Saturday. The *Traveller* says he has already been waited upon by the leaders of the anti-slavery cause, but no public demonstration will be made until next week, when a grand reception will be extended to him, over which Gov. Andrew will probably preside. Mr. Thompson has not completely recovered from the effect of his sea voyage, and the interim will enable him to recuperate and prepare for the labors before him. At an early day he will proceed to Washington, where he is sure to receive a cordial welcome. On the way thither, he will stop at New York and Philadelphia, and deliver addresses. He purposes remaining in this country some months. We can but hope that at some time during his sojourn here, he may be invited to address the people of Lowell, some of whom remember him with respect and affection.—*Lowell Citizen.*

GEORGE THOMPSON. We are sorry to observe an attack on this distinguished friend of America in so good a paper as the New York *Times* has lately proved itself. The *Times* should remember that, aside from any merits or demerits that may pertain to Mr. Thompson's anti-slavery opinions, he has, since the war broke out, been among the most earnest, true, and reliable defenders of our country, of the public men in England. This cannot be said of all the leading English abolitionists, even. Several of them, in an inexplicable manner, have turned their backs upon us. Mr. Thompson has stood firm. He has always been foremost in efforts to create opinion in our favor. In this character, if in no other, he deserves the heartiest welcome that can be extended him. He has defended America, and America's cause, as against the rebellion, in a spot where we sorely needed advocates; and, in view of this, to remember his former abolition views against him is as ungracious and unhandsome as it would be to twit Gen. Butler, or Andrew Johnson, or D. S. Dickinson with having been supporters of Breckinridge three years ago.

We are discussing the subject, of course, from the *Times'* standpoint. Abolition views are no sin in our eyes, and have ceased to be a bugbear to the American people. It is altogether too late in the day to invoke that sort of prejudice. The country has outgrown it, and we had hoped, and almost come to believe, that writers so sensible and generally sound as those who conduct the *Times*, had shared in this progress.—*Roxbury Journal.*

☞ We are pleased to notice the arrival in Boston, by the Arabia, of George Thompson, Esq., of England. He has been one of the most influential as well as most zealous of our friends. True to the principles of humanity and to the foundations of Republican government, he is justly entitled to our best honors.—*Salem Observer.*

The Liberator.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1864.

PUBLIC RECEPTION TO GEORGE THOMPSON.

LETTER OF INVITATION.

BOSTON, Feb. 11, 1864.

To GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ.

The undersigned, citizens of Massachusetts, desire to express to you their respect and gratitude for your constant exertions, since the breaking out of the Southern rebellion, in behalf of OUR COUNTRY and OUR CAUSE. We know how much you have done to set public sentiment in Great Britain right—to place facts before the people—and to avert the dangers of a war between England and America. You have thus been a most valuable supporter of our Government, and of the Union of our States. We therefore cordially request you to name an early day when we may give you a public reception, and listen to your views upon the relations of the two countries.

JOHN A. ANDREW,	JAMES L. LITTLE,
J. E. FIELD,	SAMUEL G. WARD,
ALEX. H. BULLOCK,	M. BRIMMER,
HENRY CARTER,	CHARLES W. STOREY,
MOSES KIMBALL,	JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr.,
TAPPEN WENTWORTH,	J. Z. GOODRICH,
NATHANIEL B. BORDEN,	GEO. S. HALE,
CHARLES BECK,	J. M. FORBES,
CHARLES BEECHER,	ISAAC LIVERMORE,
FRANKLIN FORBES,	ALBERT J. WRIGHT,
J. BURRAGE,	AMOS A. LAWRENCE,
A. A. BURRAGE,	N. G. CHAPIN,
L. MILES STANDISH,	CHARLES W. PIERCE,
WM. ENDICOTT, Jr.	JAS. FREEMAN CLARKE,
SAMUEL JOHNSON, Jr.	EDWARD ATKINSON,
L. B. RUSSELL,	J. H. STEPHENSON,
THOMAS RUSSELL,	CHARLES W. SLACK,
AMOS TUCK,	T. P. CHANDLER,
CHARLES A. PHELPS,	OTIS NORCROSS,

And others.

MR. THOMPSON'S REPLY.

BOSTON, Feb. 12, 1864.

GENTLEMEN:—

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation signed by you and other citizens of Massachusetts, to a public reception in recognition of the efforts I have made in Great Britain, during the last three years, to diffuse correct information respecting the nature of the great struggle in which you are engaged, and to avert the dangers and calamities of a war between England and America. The humble but zealous services which you desire thus to acknowledge have been voluntarily rendered, through my long-cherished regard and friendship for America, and under a deep sense of the importance to the interests of both countries, of a right understanding on the part of the people of England of the causes and objects of the rebellion, and the momentous issues involved in the sanguinary conflict to which it has led. It gives me inexpressible satisfaction to state, as my conviction, that at the present moment the great body of the British people not only earnestly desire the continuance of amicable relations between the two nations, but also the speedy triumph of the American Government in putting down a rebellion, the object of which is the destruction of all free institutions, and the perpetuation of the execrable institution of slavery;—thereby securing the fulfilment, in the fullest and most absolute sense, of the words of your own Webster—"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

It would be agreeable and convenient to me, if also to the Committee, that the reception should take place on TUESDAY EVENING, the 23d instant.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Yours, for Universal Liberty,
GEORGE THOMPSON.

Messrs. John A. Andrew, J. E. Field, A. H. Bullock, James L. Little, Samuel G. Ward, and others.

☞ The Reception Meeting will be held at MUSIC HALL, on Tuesday evening next, 23d inst., commencing at half past 7 o'clock. Tickets, with reserved seats, at 50 cents each, may be obtained at Oliver Ditson & Co's Music Store, Washington Street, and at the Anti-Slavery Office. As an immense gathering is anticipated, from the city and the country, those who intend to be present must lose no time in securing their tickets. It will be an occasion of historic interest, and we trust eminently creditable to Boston and the Commonwealth, and worthy of the noble man to be honored. Friends of freedom, PACK THE HALL! Come from all quarters, far and near!

WHICH IS THE CHEAPEST?

The name of William Pitt Fessenden, of Maine, is among those Senators who oppose the bill for equalizing the pay of U. S. soldiers, and for giving blacks as well as whites the customary pay of soldiers from the time of their enlistment. Mr. Fessenden, the telegraph informs us, "calculated that the bill, in its retrospective action, would incur an expense of $1,500,000." The *Commonwealth* most appropriately asks if the Senator has "calculated" how much it will cost the country *not* to pass it?—if he has "calculated" the price in infamy to the Government of this country, and to every legislator who votes against this bill, of denying to the colored soldiers what nobody pretends to say is not justly their due? Judging by the vote thus far given in Congress, many New England men, many Republicans even, are taking for granted, without calculation, that knavery will be cheaper than honesty. It is this sort of selfish materialism, this ignoring of everything not represented by money value, so deeply rooted in our people, our legislators and our President, which makes it still doubtful whether God will find the nation worth saving. We have not yet learned the lesson that justice is the right course to safety, welfare and honor.—C. K. W.

LECTURE BY MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON.

Miss Dickinson delivered an address in Tremont Temple, on Thursday evening of last week, on the state of the country in regard to slavery and the rebellion, to the delight and entire satisfaction of a large and highly intelligent audience. Hon. A. H. Bullock, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, presided, and upon the platform were seated Hon. Mr. Field, President of the Sonate, Hon. J. Z. Goodrich, with Colonel Taylor, Hon. Thomas Russell, George Thompson, Esq., Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., and other distinguished gentlemen. Miss Dickinson spoke for more than an hour, and the assembly listened in rapt attention. Her subject was "Words for the Hour." In alluding to the treatment of negroes by the government, she said it was shameful for the United States to try to save three dollars a month from the pay of men dying for them. The necessity for putting a barrier to further wrongs, to guaranty freedom to the slaves and give them a chance for promotion, were forcibly argued. We had no right, she said, to offer an amnesty proclamation to the rebels until they put down their arms and pray for it. She wanted to see South Carolina and other States cut up into farms of twenty or thirty acres, and given to the slaves. The effects of slavery were strikingly portrayed, and reconstruction that admitted the rebel leaders to power, strongly denounced. The lecture closed with an appeal to young men to come forward, and fill up the gap in the Union ranks.

When she had finished, Colonel Taylor of East Tennessee was loudly called for, but was excused on the plea of a cold. Mr. George Thompson of England, who was warmly received by the audience, made a few remarks, in which be took occasion to say that the address he had just heard was, for its pathos, interest, sarcasm, and eloquence, the most remarkable he had ever listened to. Judge Russell closed with a few words, and the assembly dispersed.

THE THIRTIETH NATIONAL

ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY.

At the close of a thirty years' moral warfare upon the gigantic wickedness which but one known word sums up and describes,—SLAVERY,—it might well be supposed that they who had long been associated together, to contribute what aid they might to the furtherance of the Anti-Slavery cause, would have much to say of the past, its lessons, its warnings, its ineffaceable records of our country's shame, and its abounding proofs of the almighty power of truth and right in a contest with the strongest and most gainful iniquity. The topics press upon us. We might properly speak of the nature of the work undertaken by the American Abolitionists of thirty years ago,—a work whose extent and magnitude were very imperfectly comprehended even by the wisest of their number; we might trace the outline of the history of that work, and see how by slow degrees were gathered the authentic facts and evidence necessary to demonstrate to a reluctant, an indifferent, a *corrupted* people, the unmeasured atrocity, the fearful wickedness before Heaven, of that social and political system which they had pledged themselves to uphold; we might show how, by their Constitution, by their laws, by their party and sectional divisions, by their desire of gain, by their social influence, and still more and worse by their *religion*, the whole American people supported directly and indirectly, ignorantly on the part of some, deliberately and intentionally on the part of many, that system of crimes and horrors, whose form indeed was in but one section of the country, but whose spirit and essential life were in all parts of it; we might trace the seemingly slow and wearisome progress of the truth upon the nation's mind and heart, and yet in the retrospect should feel ourselves constrained to exclaim, with awe and fervent gratitude, "What wonders hath God wrought!" we might point out how, under the potent tests of light and free discussion, so fearlessly applied by the anti-slavery press and lecture-hall, slavery was compelled itself to develop its true character and designs before the world, and to furnish the ultimate and unanswerable proof of its own unparalleled villany; we might portray, yet how feebly and inadequately! the desperate resistance which the nation long made to the influences of truth and to the appeals made to its own history and solemn pledges before the world, and might show how heavily and cruelly it visited scorn, abuse, false accusation, and personal violence upon those who were not less its own most faithful friends than they were the defenders and friends of the helpless and oppressed people in it.

But we feel little inclination, now, to enlarge upon any of these subjects, the perfect history of which will, nevertheless, one day be written. And now, led and upheld by an unerring and infinite Power, we find ourselves brought to the end of this thirty-years' contest, during which every element of justice, conscience, and moral power left alive in the land has been summoned to the assault upon the strongholds of Slavery, and we see, with a joy and thanksgiving which no words can express, its battlements and its towers, both in the South and North, tottering and falling to the ground. But while this sight fills us with joy and with hope, it should also, we think, mightily encourage and inspire us to persevere in the line of action which has proved so effective in the past, and should, as we believe it will, renew the purpose of every Abolitionist in the land to relax no effort, leave no weapon unused, in the future, by which the great crowning triumph and glory, the complete end and extinction of slavery, may be effected.

Our confidence in this future action of the Abolitionists was strengthened by the Anniversary meeting held in Music Hall, on the evening of January 27th, of which it has become our duty to make report. It was, we think, in every respect, a great and significant gathering. The capacious hall was thronged with sympathizing friends, who had come up, from places remote and near, as to a religious feast-day of the most joyous yet sacred nature. We doubt if an assemblage of deeper moral culture or greater moral power could be gathered anywhere in the land. Some were there who had been among the very first to put their hands to the anti-slavery work, and many more who in successive years had been led to join this holy warfare, and rejoiced to be baptized with its baptism. The company remained together for three hours, and gave every proof of highly enjoying the social intercourse. For a short time a chairman was appointed, EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., and addresses were made by THEODORE TILTON, of New York, and WENDELL PHILLIPS. The little girl, VIRGINIA LAWRENCE, once a slave, but rescued from that condition by a New York lady, acting as a nurse in one of the United States hospitals, and subsequently baptized in public by Rev. H. W. Beecher, was, by special request of many present, led to the front of the platform, and her story briefly told, as evidence of the kind of "property" which Southern chivalry and piety (!) writes down in its inventories and ledgers. The most thoroughly informed Abolitionist could not look upon that fair young child, and remember her doom in slavery, without a shudder, and a new sense of the worse than barbarous or savage nature of slaveholding. Then there was excellent and appropriate instrumental music, and a few familiar anti-slavery choruses were sung. The spirit of the meeting was decidedly one of congratulation,—not because the work is done, but because it has so wonderfully advanced during the year. On either side of the hall were the tables of the ladies of the Anti-Slavery Committee, at which donations were received. Over them hung the banners, with their memorable mottoes and watchwords, which have waved over so many anti-slavery occasions in both quiet and stormy times, and become endeared by memories of many a well-fought field. The whole amount of the subscriptions at, and on account of, this occasion is not less than FOUR THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

This is a considerable increase upon last year's subscription, then reported the largest ever obtained upon one of these anniversaries, from strictly home sources. It will be a very substantial aid to the American Anti-Slavery Society in the work yet before it, and it affords us sincere pleasure to report to our friends everywhere this favorable result. We rejoice in it, and even more in the proof it affords that the American Abolitionists are determined not to cease from their work till it be accomplished, nor give ear to any suggestions, however plausible, of leaving it to politicians, to circumstances, or to military necessity. Ready and disposed to give to these the fair amount of weight and credit to which they are entitled, they will yet keep a single eye to their own work, entrust it to no doubtful hands, and keep their armor on until slavery is dead, and buried out of sight.

We would express in a few words our sincere sorrow at the absence of Mrs. HELEN E. GARRISON from her accustomed place, and still more for its cause, her painful and serious illness. We are sure that her own disappointment was great, and we must needs greatly miss one whose every possible effort has so long, so cheerfully, so instinctively been given for the good work of the slave's deliverance,—nay, for the solace and relief of so many a needy one besides. May strength and health be given to her again, and the light of her spirit be again diffused widely abroad!

We should gladly publish every letter which came to us in response to our call and invitation to attend the Anniversary meeting; but as the limits of this report compel us to a selection from them, we aim to let every phase and aspect of the cause be represented, and every section of our country, so far as heard from, speak for itself.

We welcome, as we are sure our readers will, the words of cheer and encouragement which follow, from one whose devotion to our cause was early given, has never cooled or tired, and is still as hearty and hopeful as at first:

SYRACUSE, N. Y. Jan. 26, 1864.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am very sorry that I cannot attend your Subscription Anniversary to-morrow. It is, in my feelings to-day, a serious objection to Syracuse that it is so far from Boston. But I rejoice in the thought that I am co-operating with you, though I may not enjoy your personal presence. I have ever found and still find enough to do here in the same great cause, in which you and your associates have done such good service. Allow me once more to express my gratitude to you, and say again what I have often said, that had it not been for the faithful women who have helped us from the beginning, we could not have accomplished the half of what we have done towards the abolition of American slavery. Let me congratulate you, that so many of you will probably live to see the end of the work, to which we together put our hands more than thirty years ago. But, dear friends, the end is not yet. We must labor somewhat longer, and be very vigilant lest the spirit of compromise, which is the wily servant of the devil, should yet beguile us of perfect success.

When, last Fall, I heard it suggested by some that we might safely disband our Anti-Slavery organizations, I hastily wrote to Oliver Johnson, begging him to remonstrate against such imprudence, and adding that I would give twenty dollars to maintain our instrumentalities, and more if needed.

I now renew my subscription of that sum, wishing that I could make it ten times larger.

With my best regards to each of your associates, I remain truly, affectionately yours,

SAMUEL J. MAY.

Mrs. Mary May, Mrs. Louisa Loring, and others.

Hon. EDGAR KETCHUM, whose anti-slavery convictions were frankly avowed and manfully defended long before it was popular to hold them, sends us the following welcome note:

NEW YORK, Jan. 20, 1864.

DEAR FRIENDS: The providence of God, displayed in the events of the year, has brightened the hope of patriots, while rebels are confused and despairing.

Freedom spreads, and slavery not only falls, but is cast off by the people of the South. Your fidelity and courage are receiving their reward.

Your Thirtieth Anniversary must be a joyful one; and such as I, who cannot attend it, may at least have the pleasure of sending in their aid toward the great work remaining to be done. Receive my offering enclosed, and my benediction with it. May you be abundantly prospered, and the slave be everywhere made free!

With great respect, your fellow-citizen and friend,

EDGAR KETCHUM.

The following extract from letters of our venerable and generous friend in Montreal, Judge GALE, will deepen in all our hearts the respect and gratitude to which he is so well entitled from all American Abolitionists:

"The Anti-Slavery Society ought not to relax its efforts. The desire to have that haughty slave oligarchy rendered powerless must increase all the world over. Their attempts at assassination in Congress and elsewhere, show that man vainly hopes for good in any country where the criminal laws are unequal upon the different classes of the population. That alone can prevent *capital* from trampling *labor* under its feet.

All is the gift of Industry,—whatever exalts, embellishes, and renders life delightful; and where impartial laws impartially protect industry, there only can security be obtained.

Blessed be God who has in so remarkable a manner hitherto made the wrath of man to praise him!

Short is the time I now have here, but I thank Heaven that I have some visions of my childhood which seem in a fair way of being accomplished—the freedom of the Southern States."

"We are now near the commencement of the fourth year of the atrocious civil war which has desolated a portion of the United States, and which seems to await for its termination the death of a few leaders only, among the secessionists. The calls of humanity are imperative upon the friends of the slave not to relax in their efforts to assist them at this juncture. I therefore enclose a draft of the Bank of Montreal upon the Merchants' Bank of Boston for five hundred dollars, which I have endorsed in your favor. For this and other aids, I am, with great truth, your sincere and faithful friend,

SAMUEL GALE.

Mrs. L. MARIA CHILD."

A venerable and well-known gentleman in our own neighborhood writes thus cordially and emphatically in regard to that great Wrong and Crime, which long since made the American Anti-Slavery Society a necessity to ourselves, to our country, and to our age:

WATERTOWN, Jan. 19, 1864.

MISS ABBY FRANCIS—*My Dear Friend*: I have been gratified and honored by the receipt of a circular signed by some thirty or forty ladies—constituting a fair representation of the virtue, intelligence, and patriotism of Boston and vicinity—inviting me to an anniversary meeting of the "American Anti-Slavery Society," at the Music Hall in Boston on Wednesday evening, January 27.

I have been an anti-slavery boy and man ever since I was eleven years old—*at which period* my father was a Delegate from Worcester to the Convention for the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and voted against it by reason of the fatal provisions it contained for the existence or establishment of slavery in our country—the source of all our political woes.

I am too old—being in my 86th year—to attend your meeting; but I thank God I have lived to see the slave-masters and tyrants themselves, with intents, motives, and objects far otherwise and most wicked—yet, under the guidance of an all-wise and holy Providence, in co-operation with the efforts of the men and women of the free States—conducting the nation to the prostration and probable utter extinction of the enormous sin of slavery, and the restoration of our glorious Union.

Should such be the happy result, you, my friend, will probably live to behold our dear country, within a quarter of a century, become the first political power and the greatest and happiest nation and people on earth.

Will you have the goodness to take charge of the inclosed contribution to the objects of your Society?

Cherishing grateful sentiments for the ladies of your Society, believe me very sincerely and truly, your friend and servant,

TYLER BIGELOW.

The following response to our invitation from Maj. Gen. BUTLER was read by Mr. Phillips to the great audience assembled in Music Hall on the evening of the Anniversary, and called forth the warmest applause. We surely feel that much honor is due to one who, having changed his opinion respecting slavery and its relations to our Government and country, never hesitates to avow his convictions with a most manly frankness, nor to make his life and actions thoroughly accord with them:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VA. AND N. C.,
FORTRESS MONROE, Jan. 22, 1864.

MADAM: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your polite invitation for Mrs. Butler and myself to attend your anniversary festivities of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and greatly regret that, for reasons that must be obvious, we cannot be present.

Wishing you every success and prosperity in your worthy and noble enterprise, I am, very truly, yours,

BENJ. F. BUTLER, *Maj. Gen. U. S. Vols.*

Mrs. MARY MAY and others.

From the more distant coast of South Carolina, upon which men, who, as slaves, so lately cowered under the lash and revolver of brutal drivers, now stand erect in the dignity and self-respect of soldiers in the Army of the United States, comes the following letter of a faithful New Hampshire Abolitionist, which sufficiently speaks for itself:

CAMP OF 3D REGT. S. C. INFANTRY,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., Jan. 12, 1864.

FRIEND GARRISON: There is but one place that can be pleasanter than Music Hall, on the occasion of the approaching annual festival: that place is the camp of a regiment of freed slaves in South Carolina. With such a regiment I have the honor to be connected. Every foot of such a camp ground is as radical a platform as even Boston Abolitionists can erect in Music Hall. A battalion of these earnest and intensely loyal men, standing in line of battle, going through the manual of arms, is, next to a battle itself, the most thrilling of speeches.

Even the silvery tones of Wendell Phillips are not more eloquent than the glistening bayonets of black men, with which they are writing, in letters of rebel blood, their title-deed to freedom. But I do not forget that these things are the thought and speech of anti-slavery men, crystalized into solid, substantial action.

Your earnest words, during the last third of a century, have stirred the heart of the nation, and made possible the work, and the methods of performing it, to-day. Let the agitation be continued, then, until the people, through their representatives in Congress, shall sign the death-warrant of slavery! Its old victims, now in arms, will be happy to be its executioners.

Yours, for the Right, J. M. HAWKS,
Surgeon 3d Regt. S. C. Inf.

The following, from Rev. NATHANIEL HALL, though brief, will express much to those who know him as we do:—

DORCHESTER, Jan. 27, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. MAY: I greatly regret that I am prevented by illness from being present at the always so pleasant Anniversary this evening. I wish to send through you my mite in contribution to the cause. Please hand it to either one of the ladies you please.

How gloriously full of hope the times are, and how devoutly grateful should we be for what our eyes are permitted to see, and our ears to hear, of the near advent of Universal Emancipation in our beloved land! God be praised!

Yours, affectionately,
NATHANIEL HALL.

Another Christian minister, with whom also it has been an essential part of religion to remember the despised and outraged slave, and to plead the cause of the needy and the oppressed against his proud and heartless oppressor, writes us as follows:—

JAN. 28, 1864.

DEAR FRIENDS: * * * You have my full sympathy in the feeling that this hour lays on the friends of liberty a burden of duty and responsibility which they may not put off. When their work is done, they may lay aside their tools—not earlier. Their work cannot be said to be done so long as it is in the power of any Judas of Pro-Slavery to betray the Messiah of Freedom who has come to regenerate the nation and bless the world. They may long to have it done, less for their own sake—knowing how great a gift of God it has been to them—than for that of the downtrodden and oppressed—though even into their own souls slavery has not thrust its direst curse—and that of the oppressor, whom deliverance from his sin will disenthral indeed. They may long for it for the sake of country and mankind. They may, with prophetic eye, see so clearly the near completion as to be satisfied that it cannot be stayed; but even then, is there not something yet to do in preparing the way of the Lord, and making His paths straight? We know how subtle is the foe, and with what deadliness he can strike. Thank God, we live to see how much mightier than he is the straightforward Spirit of the Lord. If that Spirit speaks the blessed word victory, it also bids us labor and watch unto the very end.

Enclosed I send you thirty dollars. I wish it were so many times that sum that it would suffice to sow the whole land with anti-slavery. But if we be faithful, God will surely do that, and in Him we can securely trust. His strength will be made perfect in our weakness, if that weakness be but loyal to Him and His.

I am yours, dear friends, for truth and freedom,
FREDERICK FROTHINGHAM.

We feel sure that no contribution can bring with it more truly the blessing of God than that which accompanied the following letter from one of the earliest Abolitionists among the colored people of Boston:—

BRIGHTON, Jan. 26th, 1864.

MRS. MARY MAY—*Very Dear Friend*: The invitation from you and the other esteemed friends of freedom to me and my family to be present at the annual gathering of the old, faithful and long-tried friends of the slave, is hereby acknowledged and highly appreciated. Ill health will not permit me to participate with you on this most highly interesting occasion. But my heart and soul are with you, with fervent prayers; and may God shower upon you success, and blessings in abundance!

Please accept my mite of one dollar here enclosed to aid the great cause. You, and the other ladies with you, will please accept the assurance of my personal esteem and best wishes, with which I subscribe,

Yours for liberty, JOHN T. HILTON.

We give an extract from the letter of a lady in Ohio, a faithful and steadfast friend to the anti-slavery cause:

DEAR FRIENDS: Your invitation to the Anniversary on the 27th instant is received, which it would give me great pleasure to accept. Indeed, I know of no gathering this side of the Celestial City, where the freed spirits of the tried and true of all ages meet to rejoice and hold a jubilee for deliverance from earth's woes and wrongs, that I would more gladly join than this that you now contemplate. That you have occasion for rejoicing for what has been accomplished by the moral force of Truth, and for devout thanksgiving that the wrath and wickedness of evil-doers have been overruled to work out in some measure the deliverance of the oppressed, there can be no doubt. But as the victory is not yet complete, this meeting is not exclusively for rejoicings and congratulations. * * * Were all the slaves now emancipated, still we should owe them a great debt; we have robbed them, and as a nation are slow to come to repentance, and to do works meet therefor.

Until this consummation, may you never tire, nor cease your labors; and in achieving this, you raise to a higher level those not contemplated in the commencement of your efforts, your own sex.

To the Ladies of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

And from a lady in Connecticut, whose years instruct us, and whose cheerful humanity should incite us all to better labors, we have the following:—

"Please find enclosed twenty dollars ($20,) which I send to the National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary at Boston.

I wish to send more, I *owe* so much. I am seventy-years old, and I feel it such a privilege to have worked a few years for the down-trodden poor of our land; my own heart has been made better, for the work is ennobling."

One of our number was favored with a letter from a respected merchant of this city, from which we take the following extract:—

I now enclose to you, for the American Anti-Slavery Society, my small mite, which I wish I could afford to make a thousand times greater, in aid of a cause so religious, patriotic and humane. *Religious*, because God must approve; *patriotic*, because it strikes at the root of a cruel despotism which has been long sapping the life of our nation; *humane*, because it gives to an imprisoned race its right to freedom and compensation for its labor. Let us give God the glory for this great work so wonderfully progressing, and all acknowledge His kind providence by increased faith and more zealous service.

I am, with much respect, your friend and obedient servant, DANIEL B. STEDMAN.

Miss CAROLINE C. THAYER.

One question cannot but recur with a constant and an anxious interest for all our readers, as well as for ourselves: Will this *thirtieth* annual anti-slavery occasion be the last? Or will another, and perhaps many more, equal to it and greater, in behalf of our country's freedom and true honor, be necessary? We ask it, as doubtless others do, not because we grow weary of our work, but because we see it written with God's own hand on every page of our daily history, "Now is the accepted time"; because his own Spirit is continually making intercession, with unutterable long-

ings and entreaty, that our country will not turn a deaf ear to that voice, and suffer this golden hour to pass away unused, to our eternal dishonor and infamy before the bar both of Human and Divine Justice. We are unwilling to believe that our government and country can be so lost to shame, or so blind to its own honor and interest, or so indifferent to this great opportunity of justice, as to be wanting now. We desire that our associated anti-slavery work may very soon cease, because we desire, with an earnestness that no words can tell, that our nation may fear God and do righteousness. When it honestly accepts the vital truths of the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776, admits the "inalienable rights" of "all men" to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and by Constitution and statute law *secures* the possession and enjoyment of these "inalienable rights" to all, then may every Anti-Slavery Society in the land be dissolved, and every Anti-Slavery journal and agency be discontinued, and then they will be. And this may all be done in this year of grace 1864, not only as well as to take ten or twenty years longer, but far better, far easier, surer, more peacefully, more satisfactorily to all concerned. The nation now HAS THE RIGHT, by the laws of war, by the great law of self-preservation, and in accordance with the *spirit* of the Constitution, to remove forever the great crime of slavery, proved by its own acts and admissions to be as deadly an enemy to the whole nation, as it has ever been a cruel tyrant to the poorest and least of its unhappy victims; and it is bound, by every consideration of Law, Justice, Expediency and Humanity, to *exercise* this right. Let President Lincoln's great Proclamation of Freedom to all slaves in rebeldom be ratified by Congress, if need be, though we do not ourselves see the necessity. Let Congress extend the principle of that proclamation to every slave in the land, providing a fair compensation in every case wherein slaves are taken from persons of proved loyalty. No true friend of the Union in the South can object to that; and from all others the mask of complicity with the rebellion should be stripped away, and summary justice enacted between them and their slaves. And then let Congress take the prescribed steps to close up and seal the door forever against any possibility of slavery's return, by a Constitutional Prohibition. We believe that the *people*, of all sections and of every party, who are loyal and true, are now essentially agreed upon the Right, the Policy and the Necessity of this action. For our country's honor and peace, let it be done! We work on, that we may not fail of doing our part to this great end.

It now only remains for us to acknowledge the several contributions of our friends to the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and to thank them all and every one, in the name of our good cause, for the promptness, the heartiness, and the liberality of their coöperation.

For the Committee of Anti-Slavery Ladies.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

Of the Thirtieth National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary, January 27, 1864.

Mrs. Mary May,	$100.00
Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring,	25.00
Mrs. Ann T. G. Phillips,	100.00
Mrs. Sarah Shaw Russell,	100.00
Mrs. Anna Shaw Greene,	200.00
Miss Henrietta Sargent,	2.00
Mrs. Helen Eliza Garrison,	10.00
Mrs. Mary E. Stearns,	25.00
Mrs. Ann Rebecca Bramhall,	20.00
Mrs. Evelina A. Smith,	3.00
Miss Mary Willey,	2.00
Miss Caroline C. Thayer,	3.00
Mrs. Eliza Apthorp,	5.00
Miss Georgina Otis,	10.00
Mrs. Sarah J. Nowell,	5.00
Mrs. Katherine E. Farnum,	5.00
Miss Sarah H. Cowing,	2.00
David and L. Maria Child,	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. Otto Dresel,	10.00
Miss Hannah Robie,	25.00
Samuel and Sarah R. May,	30.00
Mrs. Lucinda Smith Otis, Boston,	20.00
John G. Whittier,	2.00
Theodore D. Weld,	5.00
Angelina G. Weld,	5.00
Henry C. Wright,	2.00
Anne Warren Weston, Weymouth,	10.00
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LETTER FROM L. MARIA CHILD.

DEAR FRIEND—You ask how the Reception went off this year. I went into the city too late to have anything to do with the business arrangements, and for all therewith connected I refer you to the official report. Attending the meeting merely as a guest, I found it a pleasant opportunity to take old friends by the hand, and say God bless you to the tried and true men and women, who stood steadfastly by our side in the days of mobs and brickbats. Many of this heroic band have passed over Jordan, and at every yearly gathering I miss some familiar face. This occasion was saddened by the sudden illness of Mrs. GARRISON, whose handsome, motherly, genial countenance and kindly ways have always been one of the greatest attractions of the scene.

My heart leaped up at the sight of JOHN G. WHITTIER, who rarely makes his appearance in public. Time and ill-health have left their marks upon him since he first became the Poet Laureate of the persecuted and the proscribed; but his glowing eyes are now, as ever, lighted by that sacred fire which the vestals Truth and Freedom keep burning on the altar of his soul. I love and reverence him above all the poets of the land; for he has not used his divine gift merely to "entertain fair, well-spoken days," but bravely and fervently he has sounded the trumpet for the rescue of the helpless and the wronged. This fidelity to conscience has kept his soul alive, and the poems of his later years are even more richly illuminated by moral and pictorial beauty than the admirable poems of his youth.

Another face which called up a host of Anti-Slavery memories was that of THEODORE D. WELD. When I first heard him, he was fresh from Lane Seminary, glowing with indignation at the suppression of free speech there, strong with the vigor of intellect and the earnestness of youth. His hair and beard are whitened now, but he is strong and earnest still. In fact, I can generally recognize those who early consecrated themselves to anti-slavery work. I know them by their honest, thoughtful countenances, by their cordial grasp of the hand, by their bold, straightforward utterance, indicating souls incapable of indirectness. With all their imperfections, they are the noblest specimens of humanity it has been my lot to meet in this earthly pilgrimage.

New anti-slavery friends are becoming as plenty as roses in June. Sometimes, when they tell me they have always been anti-slavery, I smile inwardly, but I do not contradict the assertion; I merely marvel at their power of keeping a secret so long! I was introduced to divers strangers who rejoiced over their recent conversion. One lady from Tennessee told me she had considered me a most misguided and mischievous woman; she had found it difficult to conceive how any persons in their senses could respect John Brown. "But now," said she, "my views on this subject have become entirely changed. I had lived in the midst of slavery without knowing anything about it; but when circumstances compelled me to observe, I found that shameful and cruel things, of which I was quite unconscious, had been going on all around me; and I now detest the system of slavery as sincerely as you do."

One of the most interesting individuals I met at the reception was EDMONIA LEWIS, a colored girl about twenty years of age, who is devoting herself to sculpture. Her frank, intelligent countenance and modest manners prepossessed me in her favor. I told her I judged by her complexion that there might be some of what was called white blood in her veins. She replied, "No; I have not a single drop of what is called white blood in my veins. My father was a full-blooded negro, and my mother was a full-blooded Chippewa." "But it is a long way from the Chippewas to sculpture," said I. "How came you to get upon that road?" "I don't know," she replied. "My mother was always inventing new patterns for moccasons, and other embroidery; and perhaps the same thing is coming out in me in a more civilized form." "And have you lived with the Chippewas?" "Yes. When my mother was dying, she wanted me to promise that I would live three years with her people, and I did." "And what did you do while you were there?" "I did as my mother's people did. I made baskets and embroidered moccasons, and I went into the cities with my mother's people to sell them." "And did you like that kind of life?" "Oh, yes; I liked it a great deal better than I do your civilized life. There is nothing so beautiful as the free forest. To catch a fish when you are hungry, cut the boughs of a tree, make a fire to roast it, and eat it in the open air, is the greatest of all luxuries. I would not stay a week pent up in cities, if it were not for my passion for Art." "But, surely," said I, "you have had some other education than that you received among your mother's people, for your language indicates it." "I have a brother," she replied, "who went to California, and dug gold. When I had been three years with our mother's people, he came to me and said, 'Edmonia, I don't want you to stay here always. I want you to have some education.' He placed me at school in Oberlin. I staid there two years, and then he brought me to Boston, as the best place for me to learn to be a sculptor. I went to Mr. Brackett for advice; for I thought the man who made a bust of John Brown must be a friend to my people. Mr. Brackett has been very kind to me."

She wanted me to go to her room to see her first bust, copied from a head of Voltaire. "I don't want you to go to praise me," she said; "for I know praise is not good for me. Some praise me because I am a colored girl, and I don't want that kind of praise. I had rather you would point out my defects, for that will teach me something."

This modesty and good sense prepossessed me greatly in her favor. I was agreeably surprised when I saw the bust, for it had a great deal of life and expression. She has also made a very clever medallion from Brackett's bust of John Brown. Whether she will prove to have any portion of creative genius time will show; but she seems to possess a native talent, which is capable of being developed fairly by industry and perseverance.

Of the speaking at the Reception, I can tell you little, for I was so much interrupted that I could not hear it well. The eloquent voice of WENDELL PHILLIPS spoke, as usual, rather in warning than in triumph. It is his mission, and we need it; for Satan has no snares more dangerous than the craft of politicians. Our fathers of '76 fought a brave fight for Freedom, and then consented to a compromise which poisoned the life-blood of their new Republic. Undoubtedly, we are in great danger of repeating the same experiment.

Abraham Lincoln is "a slow coach," and I have often been out of patience with him; but, after all, it seems to me he was the very best man that the moral condition of the American people admitted of being elected. He has, moreover, continually done better than he promised. When I said this to Mr. Emerson, he replied, "Yes, the election of Lincoln was a verification of the old fable of putting the hand into a bag full of snakes, and drawing out the one eel it contained."

But I confess to having all along painfully felt a want of moral grandeur in the process of emancipation now going on. God is accomplishing a great work by the meanest tools. It is as Mr. Phillips said: Northern politicians have resorted to it as a war necessity, and Southern unionists have consented to it as the only means of avoiding the total loss of their human chattels. None of them say, "The black man has been wronged; give him his rights." The voice of Wendell Phillips is needed constantly in rebuke and warning; for the number who sincerely and heartily acknowledge the equality of races is still very small.

One of the pleasantest incidents of the evening was the reading of a letter from Gen. BUTLER. Gen. GREATHEART I call him. Two years ago, I should not have thought it possible I could admire him; but I do admire him heartily. There has been no sneaking in his conversion. He has obeyed the old maxim, "Speak the truth, and shame the Devil!" And he has in reality made him very *much*ashamed, and still more provoked.

What more shall I say about the Reception? The Virginian coat of arms, with its well-known motto, seemed to have new significance since the Proclamation of Emancipation. The music was lively and spirit-stirring, and the soul of old John Brown seemed marching through its tones. People gave liberally, and said the occasion was a pleasant one.

Where shall we be by this time next year? Not in the mire of compromise, I hope and trust.

Yours as ever for the righteous cause,

L. MARIA CHILD.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIBERATOR:

The well-planned scheme of Gen. Butler to include Richmond in his department having failed through treachery, the nation is cheated of military excitement, and relapses into its previous quiet. The daily newspaper withdraws its startling capitals, and the disappointed reader sighs for the termination of winter-quarters, and votes the times very dull indeed. Had the press done its duty seasonably, the public would be far from regarding the absence of discussion as synonymous with the absence of vital topics, at a moment when the question of reconstruction is silently settling, or involving itself in a manner fraught with infinite peril to the republic. The Amnesty Proclamation was hailed by many with joy, because of the President's adherence to his edict of Emancipation. But who looked for a retraction after his Springfield letter? What was not to be expected did not, in effect, take place. Mr. Lincoln has been true to freedom—as he understands it. We now know that his idea of liberty for the blacks is only not slavery. His policy implicitly and expressly anticipates a purgatorial state for the freedmen, to be contrived by the returning States, and to be continued indefinitely. To this end he deliberately reserves the ballot for white men, not even providing that the colored soldier who has exposed his life for the nation's shall, at the close of the war, have a voice in making the laws he must obey, nor any guaranties of security from oppression and outrage.

There was a time when the Republican journals might have pleaded effectively for the enforcement of equal rights. They were dumb when the Declaration was rejected in laying the corner-stone of regenerate States, and meanwhile the word of the Government is hardening into a thing—its faulty policy into civil establishments. The economic moment for protest has passed, and we enter upon the reign of costly confusion, or of still more costly conflict. In the future, as heretofore, the rights of the black man, his interests and his welfare, are to be identical with ours. The chain—of preju-dice, or disfranchisement, or apprenticeship—which we fasten to his ankle, we must carry, as said the curate of the French Port Royal, in our fist; hence mutual inconvenience, constraint and collision. And if the pillar of our Republic is human equality, so long as there are any who have less than their rights, there must be some who have more than their rights: the column crumbles at base and capital, and leaves a tyranny, but no republic.

I cannot be accused of opening old wounds by these remarks; for the procedure of Tennessee, or rather of its Governor, Andy Johnson, in accordance with the President's policy, is among the current events of the past fortnight. The odious distinction of color is carefully perpetuated, and the condition of being a white man imposed upon every voter. I would not blame the Governor for complying with the President's directions concerning legal voters, but rather him who attempts to overthrow an aristocracy by buttressing its main support. What we witness in Tennessee to-day, we may to-morrow in Arkansas or North Carolina. Louisiana is seemingly divided between the gradual and the immediate emancipationists, but can it be shown that they differ in regard to negro suffrage? or will Gen. Banks be more radical than Mr. Lincoln?

Mr. Stevens's theory for dealing with the subjugated States,—that is, like foreign nations,—was ably maintained by him in his late speech in Congress. He finds the President's plan so far in agreement with his, that "it proposes to treat the rebel territory as a conqueror would treat it,"—which in a measure is true. But it is hardly sagacious or customary to confirm a conquest by repressing the natural allies of the victor, and restoring power to the common enemy of both. The *Times* of this city, in its criticism of Mr. Stevens, says that his concession that "the 'rebel States' have seceded, virtually concedes their constitutional right to secede," though one may be puzzled to see how, unless power and right are co-extensive. Secession in the United States has but one meaning—revolution, which is no more constitutional than suicide. And yet the revolution is a fact, even if it be put down to-morrow. Again, says the *Times*: "If the so-called 'Confederate States' are not in the Union, then they are a foreign nation, and Mr. Stevens consistently so styles them. But what is this but a recognition of their nationality?" The answer is ready: the rebellious States are no longer in the Union as peers in the sisterhood, but the Federal Government, by the daily extension of its supremacy, is demonstrating very clearly that in every other sense they are still in the Union. Victory alone will entitle them to the reality or even name of a nation. The *Times* further declares that the rebel people have not sundered their *relations* to the United States; but shows its own misuse of terms by adding in the same connection, that misconduct cannot relieve them of their *obligations*. The latter statement differs materially from the former, and is the only true one.

I see that my subject has carried me to a greater length than I intended. Of the spirit of the New York press let me say: The *News* still maintains its naked position as the subsidized organ of the rebellion, and its daily leaders are filled with the most atrocious appeals for a repetition of that violence which revelled in our streets here last July. And upon this I may remark, that nothing could be more encouraging for Seymour's "friends" to resist the draft once more than the infamous refusal of the Government officials, with the connivance of Gen. Dix, to prosecute the ringleader Andrews, who emerged from Fort Lafayette as the king of France went up hill—only to return again. The *Herald*, having bustled terribly each day around its Presidential candidate, Gen. Grant, until, like some whirling dervish, it has seemed to think the amphitheatre a partner in its purely personal excitement, has abandoned this amusement for the moment, in order to urge an amendment of the Constitution in the interest of universal emancipation! Of course, it applauds Mr. Sumner's efforts in the same direction, and has plenty of able arguments to select from the old anti-slavery armory. The *Times*,—if I may pay my respects to that journal a second time,—has a characteristically mean article upon George Thompson, full of injustice toward that gentleman, utterly ignoring his invaluable services to the Union in these latter days of rebellion and English neutrality, and discharging its spleen upon the Abolitionists in general, (1) whom it represents to have been frustrated in their labors for the perpetuation of slavery by the fortunate outbreak of the war! To this balderdash no serious reply need be attempted. I offer, as a sign of the progress which is due to the anti-slavery agitation, the following utterance in the Capitol by Thaddeus Stevens: "'The Union as it was and the Constitution as it is' is an atrocious idea: it is man-stealing." Which sounds not a little like this: "The United States Constitution is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell."

M. DU PAYS.

(1) The utterly uncalled for and wantonly malicious article of the *Times*, here referred to, may be found in its appropriate department on our first page. It is a specimen of Republican [?] Copperheadism, equally anomalous and disgraceful.—[*Ed. Lib.*

FRATERNITY LECTURE.

The third lecture in the supplementary course given by the ParkerFraternity was delivered on Tuesday evening last, by George Thompson, Esq. of England, in the Music Hall. The audience was very large, hundreds being obliged to stand, and many distinguished gentlemen had places on the platform. The lecturer received a warm greeting from the great assembly on his entrance, and three hearty rounds of applause when he rose to address them.

Mr. Thompson's subject was "The Popular Sentiment of England in regard to America and the Rebellion." No man is better qualified to speak on this topic, since he has been zealously occupied, ever since the war commenced, in laboring to correct the erroneous views which existed among a portion of the English people in regard to us, and we may rejoice with him that those efforts have been largely successful.

Mr. Thompson seemed deeply moved by the warmth of his reception, and the contrast of present with former circumstances. He thanked God that he had lived to see this day; to stand again on the soil of Massachusetts, and especially of Boston, and to see such a harvest from the seed sown by the Pilgrim Fathers. He thanked God that he could now consider himself under the *protection* of the Star-Spangled Banner, and that he could truly declare his respect and esteem for the Chief Magistrate of this mighty Republic, whose honor it is to be named "Honest Abraham Lincoln."

He expressed his amazement and delight at the extraordinary progress of events here for the last ten years, and especially for the last three years. He could not possibly have expected so soon to see here an Anti-Slavery President and an Anti-Slavery Congress. When he was last in this country, the District of Columbia was the seat of the slave trade, and the city of Washington was full of slaves, and slave-pens, and slave-prisons, and slave-owners. He devoutly thanked God that the scene was totally changed, and that these relics of barbarism were swept away.

When he was last here, the party dominant in the nation had wished not only to preserve but to extend slavery, and had good prospect of success in their endeavors. He found the country now pledged to the maintenance and extension of freedom, and the President and Congress assisting to carry out that pledge.

Then, many of those who disliked slavery excused themselves for inaction on the ground that they had no power to remove it. Now the power is admitted, and the process of abolition is far advanced. Millions of slaves are already made free, and, the most hopeful sign of all, you have called on the freedmen to aid you as soldiers. The musket has elevated the negro to the condition of a man. It remains now only to complete this great work, and not for a moment to relax your efforts until the last fibre of slavery is destroyed.

In 1860, England had watched the progress of the American struggle with intense interest. Mr. Thompson said he then travelled extensively in England, endeavoring to explain to her people the true position of our affairs. But the rebels had already preceded him. Months before the secession, emissaries of the South were in England, declaring that a separation was coming, that it was needful and just, and that it would be peaceful. Thus by degrees the British press was prepared to support the South, and its representations were favored by the great ignorance prevailing there as to our political system. The manifestoes of Generals Halleck, McClellan and Butler, in the early part of the war, produced an unfavorable impression, and various acts of the Government seemed to imply that it wished only to restore the Union, not to remove slavery.

This feeling began to be changed when Mr. Lincoln's message appeared, recommending Congress to make an appropriation for indemnity to those States which should abolish slavery. The Proclamation of September 22d, 1862, gave still greater satisfaction; and so firm was the confidence that its expressed purposes would be carried out, that monster meetings were held in England on the New Year's eve of 1863, to rejoice over an accomplished emancipation.

Through all the years of the rebellion, continued Mr. Thompson, the anti-slavery men of England have been carrying on *your* war with your enemies in our country. We formed two great organizations, one in London and one in Manchester, to counteract the movements of the emissaries of secession, and to show the people the true position of your country. Numerous tracts had been published, and widely distributed among the working men, and immense placards were displayed in the principal towns and cities, calling public attention to the meetings held on American affairs, and comprehensively unfolding the successive deceits of the secessionists.

Eight or ten of these enormous sheets were displayed to the audience by Mr. Thompson, one of them bearing the figure, enlarged from a photograph, of the scarred back of a Louisiana slave.

Mr. Thompson had travelled everywhere throughout England, the agent of no Society, taking direction from no body of men, but challenging all comers to discussion of the true issues involved in the American struggle. One of the persons thus challenged again and again was the rebel envoy, Mr. Mason. He avoided the contest. Only one public lecture was given in London in favor of the secession cause, and this found little favor. Mr. Thompson referred with pleasure to the assistance given him in counteracting the enemy's movements by Mr. William A. Jackson, formerly the slave and coachman of Jefferson Davis.

But few members of Parliament have openly advocated the recognition of the South. The principal of these were, in the House of Lords, Lord Campbell, son of the late Chief Justice, and in the House of Commons, Lindsay, the ship-owner, Roebuck, an apostate radical, Beresford Hope, Tory and Puseyite, and Gregory, representing an Irish borough. Neither has that cause found many public advocates out of Parliament. Mr. Joseph Barker, a gentleman somewhat known in this country, who had been "everything by turns, and nothing long," had been employed to deliver secession lectures, but had made little impression on the popular heart. The working classes have been with the American people in this great struggle, and have shown themselves intelligent as well as zealous in your defence.

A great change has taken place through the whole of Great Britain in regard to this country, and this new feeling of the people has had a marked effect p on the Government. The authorities have already made decided movement in the detention of rams and steamers built for the rebels, and no such vessel would now be allowed to sail.

No doubt the aristocratic party in England, as on the Continent, had hailed with joy the prospect of a disruption of the Union; and this feeling was helped by the wrong position of a portion of the American press. Now, the intelligence, the virtue, and the heart of England are with the North in this struggle.

Among the friends of America eminent in their respective departments, Mr. Thompson was happy to name John Stuart Mill, Professors Cairnes, Nichol and Goldwin Smith, Rev. Newman Hall, and the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel. In political life, the zealous and powerful labors of John Bright in our cause were already well known.

Several of these names were greeted with applause by the audience, and they gave long and loud cheers at the name of John Bright.

The conclusion of Mr. Thompson's address was nearly in the following words:—

I have thus endeavored very imperfectly to sketch the state of feeling in England as it existed in the beginning and as it exists now, and the agencies by which the change for the better has been brought about. Having done so, let me ask you to indulge a kindly feeling towards the country from which I come. Let me be permitted to implore you that you will not suffer any of the acts of those who are alike our enemies and yours to lead you to cherish any unkind or unfriendly feelings towards the great mass of the people of my native land. Our statesmen may have been wrong, and, I believe, have been wrong in many cases, and I am not here to vindicate or excuse them; but this I can say, that if some of our statesmen have gone wrong, the heart of the British people has been right. They will rejoice to hear of the kindly reception you have given me, and I may assure you that if the time shall come when you shall need their sympathy, that sympathy will be most freely granted; and you will never again have cause to complain that, in the hour of trial, England was backward in the tokens of her friendship.

Many parts of this address were loudly cheered; and a warm expression of the gratification of the audience was called forth when the President of the Fraternity announced that, on the next Tuesday evening, in the same place, a meeting of Public Reception would be held to welcome Mr. Thompson to this country, at which Governor Andrew will preside. Who will not make an effort to be present?

The concluding lecture of the supplementary course will be given Tuesday after next, March 1st, in the Music Hall, by Wendell Phillips.—C. K. W.

THE PETITION. Honor to our Hubbardston friends for the Petition sent from their town! It asks for the abolition of slavery by the present Congress, and amendment of the Constitution forever prohibiting slavery; and is signed by *five hundred and eighty-one persons*. The Hopkinton petition is also a very good one; signed by 208 persons, and at the head of the list the name of Rev. J. C. Webster.

EMANCIPATION PETITION. The first instalment of the Petition has been presented by Senator Sumner. The second 100,000, we understand, will be sent in a few weeks. Let the women everywhere circulate the petition! There is no time to lose, if 1,000,000 signatures are to be rolled up during the present session.

HAYTI AND JOHN BROWN.

BOSTON, FEB. 12, 1864.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON:

DEAR SIR—In addition to the large sum donated to the families of the martyrs of Harper's Ferry by the people of Hayti, through the Port-au-Prince Committee, a further contribution, amounting to $1131.04, was made by the citizens of Aux Cayes. Of this amount, the late B. C. Clarke, Esq., Commercial Agent of Hayti for Boston, sent one half to Mrs. Brown, and the other half to Mr. Phillips, Mr. Garrison and myself, for distribution among the rest of the sufferers by the memorable expedition on Harper's Ferry.

Excepting a small sum, (which will soon be disbursed,) this amount has been equitably distributed, and has been very gratefully received.

If the blessings of the heroic poor, and the sincere admiration of the friends of the colored race, in America, will be esteemed an equivalent for their bounty, the people of Hayti have been already abundantly repaid for their generous and unexampled liberality to John Brown's men and their survivors. Since their fathers expelled the French, they have done no act which has gained for them so much respect abroad.

JAMES REDPATH.

☞ A GENERAL EMANCIPATION ACT.—WM. WELLS BROWN will speak on the above subject as follows:—

West Boylston, Mass.,	Wednesday,	Feb. 24.
Clinton,	Thursday,	" 25.
Lancaster,	Friday,	" 26.
Westminster,	Saturday,	" 27.
"	Sunday,	" 28.
Gardner,	Monday,	" 29.
Hubbardston,	Tuesday,	March 1.

☞ AARON M. POWELL will address meetings at

Millertown, (Rens. Co.) N. Y.,	Friday,	Feb. 19.
Reed's Hollow, "	Saturday,	" 20.
Pittstown, "	Sunday afternoon,	" 21.
" "	" evening,	" 21.

☞ LORING MOODY, agent of the Educational Commission for Freedmen, will lecture in

Biddeford, Me.,	Friday,	Feb. 19.
Portland,	Sunday,	" 21.
North Yarmouth,	Wednesday,	" 23.
Bath,	Thursday,	" 24.
Brunswick,	Sunday,	" 28.
Augusta,	Tuesday,	March 1.

☞ MEDALLION OF JOHN BROWN.—The subscriber invites the attention of her friends and the public to a number of Medallions of JOHN BROWN, just completed by her, and which may be seen at rooms No. 89, Studio Building, Tremont Street. M. EDMONIA LEWIS.

Boston, Jan. 29, 1864.

MARRIED—In Brooklyn, N. Y., at the home of the bride, on Tuesday, Feb. 9, Miss LUCRETIA S. ANTHONY, daughter of Edward Anthony, Esq., of Brooklyn, and WILLIAM JONES, (late of Philadelphia, but now) of New York, by Friends' ceremony, in the presence of the Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

DIED—In Philadelphia, on the 6th inst., of consumption, Mrs. CATHARINE ROWENA, wife of John S. Rock, Esq., of this city, aged 34 years.

THEODORE PARKER'S MEMOIRS,
JUST PUBLISHED BY
S. R. URBINO,
13 School Street,
FOREIGN BOOK-STORE.

Poetry.

For the Liberator.

SONG—THE NEGRO OF AMERICA.

Come, listen to a mighty strain—
The burthen it shall be,
The negro of America,—
Its hope and liberty.
The child of toil from fetters free,
The youth with ardor rife,
The swarthy sire, with new-born fire,
Pant for the glorious strife.
Then join with me the mighty strain,
And let the burthen be,
The negro of America,—
Its hope and liberty.

Columbia's sons of every shade,
Whose hearts beat true within,
Aloud proclaim equality—
To check them were a sin.
The hate and rancor of the past
Shall fade as dreams away;
And manhood's claim, in manhood's name,
Alone shall have the sway.
Then join with me, &c.

The Freedmen of our native land,
So noble and so true,
O! what were worth the melody
That sang no praise of you?
And he who would your rights deny,
Himself the meanest slave,
Begot of scorn, despised, forlorn,
Shall find a traitor's grave.
Then join with me, &c.

Come, rally round the stars and stripes,
Now emblems of our hope;
And stand ye forth as men of fate,
'Gainst whom no foe can cope.
Though traitor rule, with crimson hand,
Our Union's pride hath slain,
The negro's arm shall be the charm
That gives it life again.
Then join with me, &c.

R. B. FORTEN.

"THE PROMISE MUST BE KEPT."

I.

"Recall the Proclamation?"
What then shall pay for all the blood and tears
Poured forth in rivers through these weary years
Of woe and strife, of agony and fears,
Endured to save the nation?

II.

"Annul the Proclamation?"
What have we fought for? Was it but for power?
The transient triumph of an earthly hour?
Can victory or empire yield a dower
Meet for such dread oblation?

III.

"Take back the Proclamation?"
What matters it who rules, when tyrants tread
God's image in the dust? When shame has fled?
When honor, virtue, freedom, truth, are dead
Beyond all restoration?

IV.

"Degrade the Proclamation?"
See on her sacred shore Columbia stand,
While broken chains lie 'round her on the strand,
And hear her cry to every down-trod land:
"BEHOLD A NEW CREATION!"

V.

"Trample the Proclamation?"
Let crimson wrap the cheek in endless shame,
That dare propose it! Let the dastard's name,
Unknown to honor, gratitude, or fame,
Rot from his generation!

VI.

Nay, keep the Proclamation!
'Tis God's own voice, his reign once more restoring,
O'er strife and woe, o'er battle's rage and roaring;
'Tis "PEACE, BE STILL!" Let earth fall down adoring
The Lord who brings salvation.

VII.

Stand by the Proclamation!
And when the thunder-blast that round us rages
Shall smile to calm, lo! bright on history's pages
Its words shall shine like suns through long bright ages,
In Freedom's constellation!

VIII.

Enforce the Proclamation!
And He who marks a cup of water given
To one of His, shall count their shackles riven,
And while their praises fill the dome of heaven,
Shall bind and bless our nation.

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.
—*N. Y. Tribune.*

COPPERHEADS.

[SUGGESTED BY MR. GEORGE THOMPSON'S ADDRESS AT BACUP LAST NIGHT.]

The Rattlesnake has cast his skin,
Is blind and nearly dead—
When comes his *sympathizing* friend,
The little Copperhead.

I'd help the Lion, bold and brave,
And furnish him with bread;
Yes, *his* provider I might be,
But not a Copperhead.

I'd help poor Poland as she writhes
Beneath oppression's tread;
I'd help her as an Englishman,
But hate the Copperhead.

I'd speak for freedom everywhere,
Until its foes had fled,
But not for *freedom to enslave*,
As does the Copperhead.

Oh! shame it is that in our land,
Whose people long have led
The way to freedom in the world,
There is one Copperhead.

But greater shame it is by far,
And blushing be it said,
That in the *pulpit* of our land
There is one Copperhead.

How can ye in the name of Christ,
Who for all freedom bled,
Apologize for slavery,
And be a Copperhead?

Recant ye, ere it be too late,
And chance for it is fled:
Proclaim that all men brethren are,
And hate the Copperhead.

For think ye that the angel band,
Who to our world have fled,
Can love the Southern Rattlesnake,
Or English Copperhead?

I tell ye that the negro's cry
Has reach'd God's throne so dread,
And slavery is doom'd to die,
Despite the Copperhead.

But, oh! I would that England's power
Were not to freedom dead;
Yes, rather that the potent "heel"
Should "bruise the serpent's head."

Manchester, (Eng.) May 7, 1863. R. B. B.

THE WAR CLOUD.

In exhalations to the skies
The bondmen's sweat and tears arise;
And, lo! these exhalations shroud
A nation in a fearful cloud;
Their groans ascending morn and even,
Have reached the listening ear of Heaven,
And turned to thunder as they rose
To crush the authors of their woes.
The blood of Afric cries to God,
Beneath the proud oppressor's rod;
The cry of blood comes flashing back
In the red lightning's blasting track.

The Liberator.

PLANTATION PICTURES.

BY MRS. EMILY C. PEARSON,
Author of "Cousin Frank's Household."

CHAPTER XXI.

HINNA'S ECHO.

One day as Lelia was mournfully pacing the colonnade, little Willie tottering by her side, Hinna suddenly made her appearance, and confronting her, said,—

"I could n't be goin' away without seein' your baby"—then taking the child, she added, "Why, hi! it's lots more like Mr. Nelson than 't is like you. He won't be as white as you is; he 'll be dark complected like his father."

Mrs. Nelson treated the ferrywoman kindly. But Hinna was in no happy mood,—the sad image of Chainy in her hopelessness, of Jaff in his degradation, Dilly and Dove in the swamp, successively filled her vision; neither did Mrs. Nelson's presence operate to soothe her.

"Well, I reckons you finds you'se a slave, arter all, don't ye?" she said, maliciously.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Nelson, sadly, "they say that I am; and I do not know but it is so."

"You did n't bleeve me, onct," said Hinna; "you finds I's right, I reckon."

Lelia was silent, wondering what gratification it could be to Hinna to remind her of her wretched lot.

"And this putty boy you sets such a heap of store by," continued Hinna, "he's nothing but a slave. He's born to swelter in the corn-field! Ask his father, an' he 'll tell you so. You 'll find I tells fortins true, when he saunds your boy down to the quarters, and brings Hubert Nelson here to take his place."

Mrs. Nelson groaned as she drew Willie to her bosom, and at length said,—

"You do not *wish* me to be a slave, do you, Hinna? It's a bitter cup, you know. What have I done that I should be a slave?"

Lelia's tearful emotion brought color to her pale cheeks, and brilliancy to her eyes, and her tones were deeply thrilling. Hinna was softened for a moment, but her face took on its wonted rigidity as she replied,—

"What's you done? You haint done *nothin'* to deserve to be a slave—no haint nobody—but you has as good a *right* to be one as them that is, for what I knows!"

"But are you glad that I am brought so low?" asked Lelia.

"Yes, if anybody's got to be in bondage," replied Hinna, "I'd like to have *you* try it, an' see how good 't is. An' more 'n all that, I wish all the rich uns as treads down us poor whites might take their turn too, an' let the slave an' the rest of us poor folks try our hand top of the heap awhile! Every dog must have his day, they say, and it's 'bout time we had ourn, I'm thinkin'!"

"Hinna, do you think I have it in my heart to harm you, or your people?" asked Lelia.

"No," said Hinna, "you seems to be harmless an' lovin' like. But they do say the iniquities of the fathers shall be saunt down 'pon the children, an' 'cording to that, I'm out in my reck'nin' if you haint some few things to answer for. There's some of your kin that is crushin' us inter the dust, a holdin' slaves."

"But, Hinna, I do not see how you can make me accountable for that," replied Mrs. Nelson. "I wish from the depths of my heart that slavery was done away, and that everybody was free."

"Oh, yes, folks don't like slavery when it comes to be them that has ter come under the yoke," replied Hinna, sarcastically. "That alters the case! But when it is somebody else that is ground down, they don't mind it so much. It did n't make much difference, did it, 'bout your marriage, that Chainy was caught, an' wailed a'most to death by overseer Rixby, and Trolo perished in the swamp because he wanted to be free? It was n't all the crying, and sighing, and groaning that the poor slave people sends up to the great Judge that could stop you from marrying inter it all! Your rides were jest as fine, though the horses did tramp, tramp, and the wheels roll, roll, right over the broken hearts and whipped bodies of them that toiled to make you rich with gold that was covered with their blood! Your dainties were jest as nice, though their souls were bowed down in ignorance like the brute beasts; and you loved your husband jest as well, though husband is torn from wife, and parents from children,—it did n't make no difference to you, all this sin, and cruelty, and robbing, and murder, so long as it set *your* table the better, and put the money inter your purse! No, you did n't hate slavery quite so much when it had its murdering foot on other people's necks. But now you say you wish everybody free! Very likely. But 'twon't make matters any better your wishing—that's what all the slave people have been doing; but them that's got their gripe on them have n't let 'em go any more for all that."

"Hinna," interposed Lelia, "I was deceived about this terrible system; needlessly, as I now see all too plainly. I was thinking only of my own happiness. Had it been otherwise, had I been as sensitive to others' wrongs and sufferings as I was eager for my own good, I could not have been thus misled. My punishment is just, but it is greater than I can bear. I pray God to forgive me, and have prayed so, often in an agony too great for words, and I can never pray without praying that this fearful system of wickedness and cruelty may be brought to a speedy end; and not for my sake only, but also for all who are crushed beneath its remorseless wheel."

"If I could pray," replied Hinna, bitterly, "I should n't pray so. I'd pray that them as is the cause of all this sin and woe mought lay down, an' take their turn under it, afore slavery's done away. It's a judgment they 've paid for, an' they ought to have it all wrung out to 'em, and they will at the Great Day, if not afore."

"But, Hinna, you do not think I've done anything to deserve being made a slave?" said Mrs. Nelson.

"No, I can't justly say as you has," replied Hinna, quickly. "I've said it onct, an' I say it agin, if I'm glad anybody's a slave, I'm glad *you* is. An' more than all that, I'd help every poor slave in the land out of their trouble afore I'd help you!—your turn should come last."

"Why, Hinna!" exclaimed Mrs. Nelson, grieved and astonished, "this is very strange: I do not understand you."

"I do not choose to have you," replied the inexplicable boat-woman. "It's like I has reasons nuff for my doin's. I'd like to see how sech as you can bear slavery."

Lelia did not get any relief from her painful astonishment, but as she looked wistfully at Hinna, she saw she was wearied and worn-out from exposure to the night air and from hard travel, and she kindly said,—

"Hinna's had nothing to eat this morning. Come, Cary, take the keys, and go down to the pantry, and get her a good breakfast."

Hinna was indeed getting faint; she had forgotten to eat, and quickly answered,—

"Is it for the news I's tell'd ye? An' for the kind words I's gin ye?"

Mrs. Nelson replied, that she thought she must need some refreshment.

"Thank you," said Hinna, softened in spite of herself; and as she followed Cary out the door, adding, "I wish I had it in my heart to comfort ye! Good bye!"

A few more days of misery passed over the young mother, when wearied beyond endurance by her husband's coldness, and heart-sick with the dreadful suspense of her fate, and that of her little Willie, she sought to interest him, and, if possible, to elicit some feeling of affection.

"You seldom see our boy," said she, mildly. "He's a darling; every one says that he resembles you very much."

"Pshaw," replied the father, without looking at the child, "all the worse for that."

The soul-chilling reply, and the dark look her husband wore, confirmed Mrs. Nelson in her worst fears; and as the man of adamant arose to leave the room, he found that she had fainted. Prostrated by the blow, she was thrown on a bed of languishing. Meanwhile, Mr. Nelson, re-elected, returned to Richmond.

Mrs. Brownlee hastened to Lelia as soon as she heard of her dangerous illness, and hung over her with a mother's solicitude.

As she slowly opened her eyes on life, shudderingly she shrank back.

"Oh, why do I live? Dear Mrs. Brownlee, why do you help me back from the brink of the river?" and throwing her arms about her neck, she wept the first tears for long weeks of suffering. She was more like herself after this, and asked for her little son from whom she could not endure to be separated, for a moment. As in convalescing she gained strength, her grief often gushed in tears, yet somehow she was upborne so that the great wave of sorrow did not sweep her away. The innocent prattle of little Willie, the care of his rich auburn locks, the returning of his loving caresses, conspired to divert her mind, and lead her to hope against hope; and when at length Mr. Nelson made a flying visit home, he pronounced her "just as beautiful as ever."

"I cannot understand," said Lelia to her husband, in one of his tender moods, "even if my parentage is as my enemies assert, why I cannot be made free. I am free. I was the foster-child of your brother and his wife: how absurd to maintain that I am a slave! And even if I am, it rests with you to free me."

"Ah, darling," replied Mr. Nelson, "this is a very complicated case. At first I hoped to manage it, but it baffles me, I confess, and I can only cower before the storm I cannot subdue."

"I do not understand why the Mansons are so anxious to make out a case against *me*," said Mrs. Nelson.

"The old story, I suppose," replied Mr. Nelson, "the selfishness of human nature. I am ashamed of them, to be sure; I could see them sunk in the Dead Sea! But they make out a claim in this way:—Judge Wordsworth (who was the father of my brother Robert's wife) entailed his slaves in his family—i. e., if any one of the heirs attempted to free his portion of this property, the same reverted to the estate. You were one of Judge Wordsworth's slaves—you were freed, to all intents and purposes, although no free papers were made out. Brother Robert and his wife designed you to be free, and hoped you would never discover that you were a slave—adopting you, indeed, as their daughter."

Lelia's tears, long repressed, started as she thought of her kind benefactors, and falteringly she said,—

"Is it not possible that they made out free papers, and that they may yet be recovered?"

"I hope not," replied Mr. Nelson. "In case free papers were made out, you would revert to Judge Wordsworth's estate, and your possession would be contested by the heirs. I could scarcely make good my claim to you, then."

"Your claim to me is that of marriage," said Lelia.

"Not at all," rejoined Mr. Nelson. "I could not hold you by that claim, no more than any other slave. But I found my claim of some $2000 on services rendered in the settlement of my brother's estate. I advanced money to settle debts, which the estate has never paid me; and now, quite unexpectedly, I find I can make out my claim to *you*. I am obliged to hold you as my slave, or relinquish you as my wife. If I proclaim you free, you at once go into a deeper slavery—you go back to the estate."

"Horrible!" gasped Lelia. "And is *that* the contest that Beverly Manson has with you?"

"Precisely!" replied Mr. Nelson. "He maintains that you were made free by brother Robert and wife, and that, *being entailed property*, you could not be adopted by them. He maintains that you fell back to the estate the moment you were freed, and that as he, being grandson of the Judge, and one of the heirs, has been for long years kept out of the possession of property, under false pretences, he ought to be handsomely remunerated. He makes me liable as the executor of my brother's property, laying heavy damages; but I offset his claims by bills for services rendered the estate, and thus parry the blow which else would inevitably separate you from me. I might, it is true, purchase you of the heirs, by giving bonds that I would never make you free; but they could ask any price they pleased, and I could not help myself. I prefer to hold you as a slave on my own terms."

"Oh, tell me not that I am a slave! that I must ever be a slave! that you can never free me!" pleaded Lelia, agonized as the pall of her fate darkened all hope.

"Pshaw, Lelia, don't be foolish!" exclaimed Mr. Nelson, in a vexed tone. "What's in a name? I'm half dead now with this absurd affair. It won't help matters if you do make a fuss, and I am crazed already with my troubles. I tell you there is no possible way by which I can free you; the moment I attempt it, I consign you to the tender mercies of Beverly Manson."

"And Willie, is he too a slave?" gasped Lelia, clasping the loving child to her heart.

"The law must take its course for aught I see. It's a confounded shame, though!" And Mr. Nelson, deeply agitated, walked the room unconsciously wringing his hands. "No, no, it shall not be! I'll manage it,—there shall be an exception in my favor. My boy a slave? Never! I'll cut the Gordian knot!"

Lelia knew too well what these words would amount to, in the face of the irreversible decree of entailed property. Like the laws of the Medes and Persians, she knew *that* to be unchangeable.

Her husband soon left for his fascinating senatorial life at Washington. Conscience was lulled, and, dead to wife and child, he threw heart and soul into the channel of his ambition. He continued openly to abjure his wife for the sake of his party.

Lelia lost no time in writing Mrs. Brownlee, and unburdening her heart of its new load. She rehearsed this last conversation with her husband, and implored her friend to visit her immediately, and tell her if there was any way of relief; "for," said she, "I am bound hand and foot, and cast into the outer darkness of bondage." Mrs. Brownlee hastened to Powhatan, for Lelia was a "darling child" to her, as she loved to express it.

"Poor dear heart!" said Mrs. Brownlee, at length, herself in tears, as Lelia told her all her grief, "yours is a great sorrow. I know it all, but I would counsel as well as comfort you. The time has come, Lelia, for you to act rather than to suffer and to languish. Like the faithful physician, I have studied your case, and what I say may be painful instead of consoling; but as your true friend, permit me to speak freely. You have borne and waited, hoping for better treatment, but have been disappointed: matters have grown worse. Reasoning from the past, you should see that there is no ground for hope. Your future, should you now remain in your present relation to Mr. Nelson, will only be more horrible. But you have a duty in the case, a duty to take care of yourself. You are not called to be a martyr to selfishness. Mr. Nelson has violated his vows. He solemnly pledged himself at the altar to love, protect and honor you, and in the sight of God that vow is not invalidated by the disclosures respecting your parentage. Let me advise you to extricate yourself at once from your troubles. It is the crushed, the dependent, that arbitrary power despises and tramples on, and you must now rouse yourself to self-reliant and decided action."

This unexpected language, so firm and bold, restored Lelia to a measure of calmness, and she said,—

"I do not understand you, my dear Mrs. Brownlee. What can I do? Can I be my own deliverer?"

"Do!" said Mrs. Brownlee; "there is one thing the weak can do, they can *flee from wrong!*"

"What! would you have me leave Mr. Nelson?" asked Lelia, in surprise.

"Yes, this is the only thing that can save you; and if there is a spark of love for you in Mr. Nelson's heart, that will fan it into life. But do not misunderstand me. I do not expect Mr. Nelson will ever do right by you."

"Is he then so utterly wanting in all that is noble and good?" said Lelia, wringing her hands, and pacing the room.

"The *system* is," replied Mrs. Brownlee, "with which he is identified. Slavery, whatever its professions, knows nothing of justice, virtue, humanity—it neither fears God nor regards man. Its very nature requires it to subject everything to itself, and this nature not only appears in slaveholding communities, but in individual slaveholders. He who fully accepts of slavery, who becomes its devotee, has surrendered heart and conscience to the most perverting, hardening, brutalizing influence to which human nature can be exposed. You are astonished that I speak so strongly, but long ago I began to be enlightened on this subject; and since my happy connection with Mr. Brownlee, I have learned much in his struggles to free himself from the blight of the system. 'Whereas I was once blind, now I see.' The system is based on arbitrary power. Our servants being *unpaid laborers* have no motive to be faithful, only that of fear, enforced by the tongue and the whipping-post. To hold them in the relation of slaves, they must be kept down by a despotic will. But what must be the effect on the master and mistress, of the exercise of such power? Does it not harden the heart, sear the conscience, and pave the way for cruelty? Does it not mould the spirit to violence, intolerance, impatience and ambition? Is it not perfectly frightful when we consider what exigencies are constantly recurring needing punishment, from the most trivial up to the most brutal inflictions?

Now this influence on character—this which makes the taskmaster imperious, exacting and unfeeling towards his servants—must appear in his intercourse with others. This accounts for the many scenes of blood in the duels and lynch laws of the South, and the hatred that prevails towards all who do not approve of slavery. Do you not remember what Gen. Robb said at the dinner-table soon after you came, that the South would yet uprise, and visit the North with fire and sword, and blot it from existence? He spoke what he thought. You wondered at such language. You could not understand why Southerners feel thus—why Southerners should hate so intensely a portion of our common country. Behold the reason! It is because free institutions are so different from slave institutions, and reflect on slavery; and because slavery educates a disposition impatient, overbearing and stormy. It is a mistake to suppose that slavery has simply to do with the black race. Does not white blood course in the veins of thousands of our slaves on our plantations?

Look at the poor whites also. Does it show any mercy to them? Are they not in one sense slaves? You are absorbed in your own woes; they seem to you infinite; but, Lelia, yours are only as a drop in the bucket; there are millions of susceptible human hearts crushed by this remorseless power. Nor have we seen the end yet. Slavery is aggressive, and will brook no rivalry; and I doubt not the time will come when this whole nation will be convulsed by it.

Slavery never can agree to live under such a Union as ours; and, mark it! the hour approaches when the strength of this form of government will be tested to the utmost, and those will be the most desperate and dangerous enemies who have been most pampered with office. And among the most unscrupulous and cruel of traitors, *slaveholding women* will stand foremost. You will be convinced of this if you consider how slaveholding must pervert our sex. This constant exercise of a despotic will at the fire-side; this spoiling of the temper by contact with wilful servants, who have no motive to do; this dwelling in the midst of scenes most heart-rending and tragic,—how must all these things influence woman! How must it affect her, when those of her own sex—members of her own household—are made to pander to vice, threatened with brutal oaths, beaten with the hand, lashed at the whipping-post, shut away from knowledge, separated from their husbands, torn from their children, chained to the infamous coffle! What must be the influence on the slave-mistress, who not only lives where all this transpires, and is familiar with it, but is herself a party to it all, inflicting or procuring punishment, and with her own hands signing the bill of sale that breaks the tenderest, most sacred ties, and consigns her victims to a fate she knows not how horrible! Do not think, then, that you will not be sacrificed; your only hope is in escape from your prison-house."

"Alas! how miserably I have been deceived! How I have deceived myself! How crushed in the fatal folds of the anaconda!" said Lelia.

"Take courage, darling," returned Mrs. Brownlee. "There is a way of escape. With God's blessing, you shall be free." She then unfolded to Lelia her plan, the substance of which was, that she put herself under the care of father Pierre, who would secrete her till happier days dawned—till her husband, softened by her absence, should be willing to tear himself from the besotting institutions of his fathers, and reside in some free country where his wife could breathe the air of liberty.

"But what will become of darling Willie?" objected Lelia. "How can I leave him?"

"Put your heart at rest!" fervently responded Mrs. Brownlee. "Am I not his god-mother? He shall be tenderly cared for; and, trust me, never be a slave; and as to your leaving him, it is the wisest thing you can do; you only insure his being a slave by remaining with him."

At last, Lelia yielded to Mrs. Brownlee's advice; indeed, such was her hopeless state, that she was glad to have her friend propose anything—almost any change would be better than bondage. A week passed, and Lelia was ready for her flight. But it were long to tell the tears she wept over darling Willie, during this time, and the kisses she bestowed on him, as she fitted up his little wardrobe for the separation.

It was arranged that Mrs. Brownlee, Lelia and Willie should take a morning ride as usual, and extending the ride to Aquia Creek, meet father Pierre's carriage, to which Lelia could be transferred, and Mrs. Brownlee return to Mount Pleasant with the child. The glorious summer's day which witnessed the execution of this plan threw its shadows on Powhatan mansion, amid the confused murmur of the house-servants as to what had become of Lelia. The last they saw of her, she was walking in the garden, leading little Willie. They did not see her glide behind the arbor-vitæ hedge into the park, through which wound the carriage-road, and wait Mrs. Brownlee's coming. They did not see the two fugitives as they got into the carriage, and were borne rapidly away.

Dinner was ready, and no Lelia and Willie to eat. Night came, and the servants gathered on the piazza and chatted and wondered, and peered into the darkness, but she came not; and at last they reluctantly closed the doors, and retired for the night.

☞ A gentleman from Norfolk gives a very encouraging account of the colored troops in that vicinity, both infantry and cavalry—they are improving rapidly in drill and discipline, and in point of efficiency will soon equal the white troops. About 20,000 contrabands are gathered around there, who are engaged in farming, raising cotton, &c.

☞ The original draft of the first Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, dated September 22, 1863, has been presented to the Army Relief Bazaar of Albany. It is in the proper hand-writing of Mr. Lincoln, excepting two interlineations in pencil made by William H. Seward, Secretary of State, and the formal heading and ending of the document, which are in the hand-writing of the Chief Clerk in the office of the Secretary of State. It is written on one side of four half sheets of foolscap paper.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

[Correspondence of the Kansas City Journal of Commerce.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15, 1864.

By far the most exciting scene of the session occurred in the Senate yesterday. The regularly published proceedings have already informed you of the tilt between Wilson, of Massachusetts, and Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, on the resolution of the former for the expulsion of the latter from his seat in the Senate. This motion of Wilson was prompted by a series of resolutions offered some days previously by Davis, denunciatory of the Administration and its efforts to overthrow the rebellion; denouncing the noble armies of the Union as "subsidized masses," and the colored heroes of Milliken's Bend, Wagner and Port Hudson as "nigger janizaries," and finally calling upon the people of the North to "revolt against their war leaders, and take the matter into their own hands;" "call a Convention of the States, and settle the questions at issue" between the Government and armed rebels. All the stereotyped copperhead slang of "Lincoln's tyranny," "military despotism," "bayonet elections," &c., was scrupulously rehashed; but the final appeal to the North to rise in "revolt," and complete the work which the armed traitors of the South had begun, but which the Senator from Kentucky now evidently despaired of their being able to accomplish, namely, the overthrow of the legally constituted Government. This proposed Garrett Davis revolt was so thoroughly a reproduction of the tone and spirit which preceded and instigated the Jeff. Davis revolt, that Senator Wilson very properly concluded that these reptiles of treason, who still insult the land by dragging their slimy length through the halls of loyalty, should be hurled out as unceremoniously as the Devil was hurled over the battlements of Heaven; hence his resolution for Davis's expulsion.

It was generally known that the fight would come off yesterday; and long before the hour for business had arrived; the Senate galleries were one jammed mass of humanity of both sexes, of all ages and conditions—the men's side containing a lively sprinkle of soldiers. The House had well-nigh emptied itself into the Senate Chamber before the proceedings began. The matter was called up by Mr. Davis himself, who seemed and acted the gladiator, eager, not to defend himself, but for the blood of his antagonist. Wilson calmly rose, and called for the reading of Davis's resolutions, and then for his resolution of expulsion. He then proceeded in a speech of about twenty minutes to arraign Davis upon the spirit of his resolutions, showing their unmistakable tendency and effect; that he (Davis) well knew the force and meaning of his own words; that they were rebellious and treasonable, and such was their known intent; that of all the treason uttered in these halls by Jeff. Davis, Toombs, Slidell, Benjamin, and their associates, previous to and while plotting their resort to arms, nothing surpassed, if indeed approached, the rebellious spirit contained in the resolutions of the Senator from Kentucky, and for this he demanded that he be expelled from that body. This he did in a courteous, temperate, but firm manner, scrupulously discarding everything of a strictly personal character.

The reply of Davis was characteristic of the man—characteristic, too, of that peculiar style of Southern oratory which has given to the speakers of that section the reputation of what they and the vulgar generally are pleased to call boldness, brilliancy and spirit, namely: an unmeasured tirade of vindictive, vituperative malignity and personal abuse. He made no effort whatever to retract the treason from his resolutions, or to defend himself against the traitorous dilemma in which Wilson's exposition of those resolutions had placed him. His whole aim and effort seemed to be to annihilate the Mayflower, Plymouth Rock and Massachusetts generally, and Senator Wilson in particular. Poor little Massachusetts! On her devoted head has fallen the combined assaults and the unmingled curses of the demon of anti-democracy through all its stages of toryism, nullification and rebellion. It may well be her pride and boast, in all coming time, that she was the great lion in the path of treason, and drew the first, last and hottest fire of traitors for three generations; not the least among which was this fish-woman's broadside of billingsgate from Senator Garrett Davis, of Kentucky. In this latter character, certainly Davis's speech was never surpassed. Never in my life have I witnessed such a melancholy exhibition of age shearing itself of its dignity, as a maniac rends the locks from his own head. It was the manner of the man not less than the matter of the speech. You are to fancy to yourself an old and feeble man, tottering upon the verge of the grave, his locks whitening for the harvest of death, of usually pale and placid countenance, very thin visage, fading eye and faltering voice; now that his unsuspected treason is brought home to him, suddenly metamorphosed into an incarnate fury—a fury made terrible by its ghostly appearance; lashing the air with his arms, beating and tearing his white locks with his thin, bony hands; his whole form quivering and writhing in contortions of frenzy, his eyes flashing like basiliks, and his frail, faint voice shrieking and hissing forth his rage and hate and scorn, until body and voice exhausted he would perch and cling upon his desk until he could gather strength, only to begin again with renewed violence. Thus this senatorial tragedy ebbed and flowed for three mortal long hours. Such was literally and truly the speech of Garrett Davis. The scene itself was striking. The surcharged and overhanging galleries, tier upon tier; the chamber below where the Senators, huddled together in knots, quietly looked on; the little open arena in which the frenzied actor surged about, screaming and foaming; the vast throng around, bending forward in silence to gaze upon the scene below; all reminding one of the history of those vast old Roman amphitheatres where bloodthirsty wild animals were goaded into a fury, and then turned loose to contend with a strong man armed.

Taken all in all, it was a most humiliating spectacle; a most mortifying proof that even venerable age may become contemptible, and that a long life of wisdom and experience may, in one short hour, abuse itself into worthlessness beyond commiseration, and degradation beyond pity.

And yet Garrett Davis claims to be a Union man—a foe to the rebellion; and I am even willing to believe that he really thinks he is such; but he is a far greater foe to freedom. He is so wedded to slavery that rather than see it perish, he would subjugate the Government at the feet of armed treason, and imperil the people by another revolution to effect that end. Never did the haughty Moor sigh over the fall of a beautiful castle in profounder grief than Davis and his coadjutors over the fall of the nigger-lords of the South; hence this last wail.

Senator Wilson turned upon him briefly to brand some of his personal falsehoods, and to drive home still deeper the barbed arrow that had been struck so deeply into the troubled depths of sympathetic treason. It fell to the lot of Wilson, last winter, to administer a most merciless scourging to Powell of Kentucky, and all know how well he performed that duty. That of yesterday did not fall short of his former efforts, and proved that though ordinarily a poor extempore debater, yet when he is roused and the task put in his hands, woe be to the enemy of freedom and his country who falls in his way! The soldiers in the galleries applauded, in spite of the President's hammer and his threats to clear the galleries; and their mutterings were not loud but deep during the reading of Davis's resolutions, and also during his raving speech.

KAW.

ANNA E. DICKINSON IN THE U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Corinne of Republican politics!—pushing back with passionate gesture the thick tresses that heated your temples, and with face of beauty upturned in a gush of irrepressible adoration, how thou shottest electric fires through thy thrice ten hundred auditors with the sublime words: "I never meet a private soldier without being filled with a feeling of profound respect." Sister of the Heroic—younger sister of the Free and True—thou Fille du Regiment of this great war of Freedom in America, let us humbly, very humbly, give thee the hand of political brotherhood!

That was a wonderful sight on Saturday night in the Capitol. A young girl but twenty-one years old—dismissed scarcely eighteen months ago from bread-getting employment in the Philadelphia Mint, for criticising in a woman's literary club the soldiership of General McClellan—conducted to the Speaker's chair of the House of Representatives by the Vice-President of the United States, followed there by the Speaker of the House, and introduced by the Vice-President to an audience that crowded all sitting and standing room in the great hall, among whom were the President of the United States, the most distinguished of the Senators and the Representatives, the Heads of Departments and Bureaus, and the chief of the men of talents and devotion who at the capital of the nation urge the great war for liberty:—a girl twenty-one, modest and beautiful; powerful in her aspirations, yet childlike as a cotter's child; queenly at times in her poses and her passion, yet garbed like a Quakeress at a casement; wholly under the dominion of imperial truth and duty, yet speaking without any show of authority; positive, yet modest; uncompromising, yet equitable; passionately radical, still modest and girl-like; scornful in just hates, the escape of the electric fervor against wrong, of which God makes a child his medium; bitter in sarcasms, which flash off from her young soul without harm to it, as lightnings flash off from conducting points of gold; full of rebuke which does but utter truth, and has no accompaniment of conceit; boundless in her love of humanity, for which she moans, and prays, and demands, with an inspiration that can only be kindled from the altar upon which CHRIST laid himself down for the equality and fraternity of his race;—a young red-lipped, slim-waisted girl, with curls cut short, as if for school, with eyes black with the mirthfulness of a child, save when they blaze with the passions of a prophetess, holding spell-bound in the capitol of the nation for one hour and ten minutes, three thousand politicians, statesmen, and soldiers, while she talked to them politics, statesmanship, and war! It was a wonderful sight, and it was a wonderful success.

Joan of Arc never was grander, and could not have been better, in her mail of battle, than was this Philadelphia maid in her statesmanlike demand that this war do not cease till slavery lies dead and buried under the feet of the North, and its epitaph is traced with the point of a bayonet dipped in the young blood of the nation;—

Could not have been better for France than was this girl for America, in the demand that the territory wrenched back from the rebellion be used to underlay the development of the blacks in America into full citizenship, with the ownership in fee of agricultural land;—

Could never have been wiser and better than was this girl when she shoved to, with her little white hand, the doors of the Supreme Court of the United States as at present constituted, and forbade the adjudication therein of the Proclamation of Freedom to the slaves of rebels;—

Could not have been grander than was this girl in her deification of the courage that marches upon death at the double-quick, for Country, for Freedom, and for Truth;—

Could not have been grander than was this girl's moistening with her tears the lips of the wounded men of the people, and wiping as with her very hair the damps of agony from the brows of braves lying on battle-fields and lingering in hospitals—grander than her worshipful love of men made beautiful by war wounds in the face—grander than the sweep of the arm and the call of the voice with which she demanded place and reverence for the heroes who already in phalanx march one-armed, and on crutches and canes go slowly past us to the final encampment of the grave.—[*Correspondent of Washington Chronicle.*

ANNA E. DICKINSON. Miss Anna E. Dickinson addressed a large audience at Tremont Temple last evening upon national topics. Her address was earnest and impassioned, logical and forcible. It was eloquent to a degree which few, very few, orators have surpassed. With a rich and well-modulated voice, a graceful delivery, and a winning presence, she unites quickness of thought, aptness of illustration, intensity of sarcasm or pathos, and fervor of language, which so entrance her audience that even the applause which is so cheering to an orator seems harsh and discordant. We have heard wonderful stories of her power to win over seemingly the most confirmed old Hunkers, and can now realize their truth. Miss Dickinson is gifted beyond the ordinary measure with that influence of voice and manner and eloquence of language, which sways the feelings, excites the sympathies, and convinces the intellect. We wish that all our young men could have heard her thrilling appeal to their sense of duty and patriotism to give themselves to their country, and that all those who have become hardened by an exaggerated conservatism to the claims of liberty and humanity could have listened to her moving appeal for justice to the three million of bondmen who are waiting and watching, with the hopes of a race trembling in the balance, the march of events which will determine whether America shall indeed be "*the land of the free.*"—*Boston Journal, 11th inst.*

ELOQUENT WORDS. William Cullen Bryant, in introducing Miss Dickinson at the Cooper Institute, Feb. 2d, made the following felicitous address:—

"Great events inspire eloquent words. When the life of a nation is in peril, when vast interests and destinies seem to hang on the chances of the moment, Providence raises up those whose office it is to warn, counsel and encourage the people, and touches with fire the lips of those who are sent on that errand. You remember that portion of the history of the Hebrew tribes which relates that, when they crossed the Red sea from the land of bondage, and stood on the opposite shore, they beheld their late masters, the Egyptians, who had pursued them in battle array, with their tyrant at their head, overwhelmed and sinking in the mighty waters. At that moment, a prophetess of the Hebrew race, a sister of Aaron, poured forth in the presence of the people an anthem to the Great Deliverer of nations: 'He hath triumphed gloriously,' said Miriam; 'the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.' That was her word for the hour. My friends, the land of bondage of this western continent is a land of bondage no longer. (Applause and cheers.) The office of the task-master has ceased. (Renewed cheering.) His scourge, clotted with human blood, lies in the dust, and to be stained with blood no more forever. It is a vast multitude that has just crossed the Red Sea to their freedom. It is a proud and mighty host by which they are pursued, but over that pursuing host the rod is already stretched, (great applause,) and the men of violence and blood are already pale with affright at the voice and rush of the returning waters which are already beginning to close around them. (Cheers.) I present to you a speaker who has also her word for the hour; I present to you Anna E. Dickinson, of the great neighboring State of Pennsylvania."

GAS FIXTURES.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that (owing to ill health) he has been obliged to leave his situation at Messrs. H. B. Stanwood & Co's, now Messrs. Shreve, Stanwood & Co's, where he has been employed for the last fourteen years, the work being too heavy for his physical strength, and is now prepared to do all manner of

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Oct. 30—1y

THE PROBLEM SOLVED!

AN intensely interesting work, arguing the inevitable and only just solution of the relations of the White and Negro races on this continent. It may be startling to some, but it is TRUE, and is being demonstrated by every day's events. Wendell Phillips said, "I have no hope for the future, as this country has no past and Europe has no past, but in that sublime mingling of races which is God's own method of civilizing and elevating the world." It is entitled

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It unfolds a Future for this country hardly dreamed of as yet by its people, as the result of the recognition of the brotherhood and social and political rights of the Negro. It treats of the relations of the Irish and Negro, Miscegenetic Ideal of Beauty in Woman, Secret of Southern Superiority, The Type Man a Mistegen, The Future, No White, No Black, &c.

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